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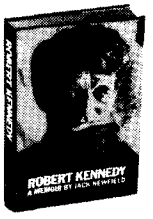

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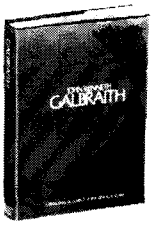

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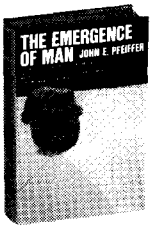

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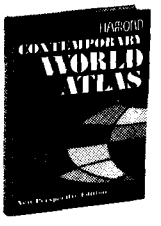

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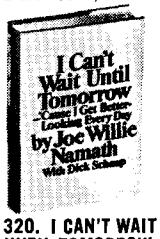

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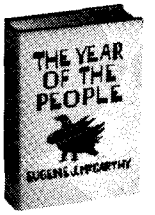

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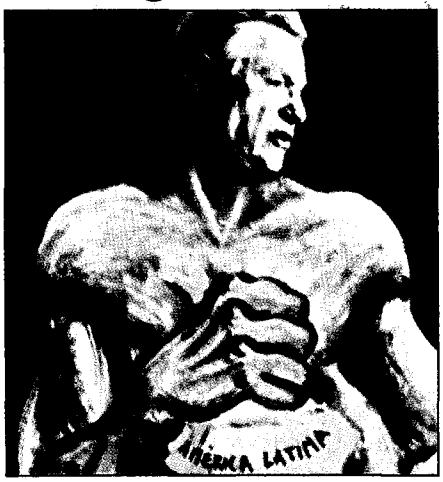

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Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

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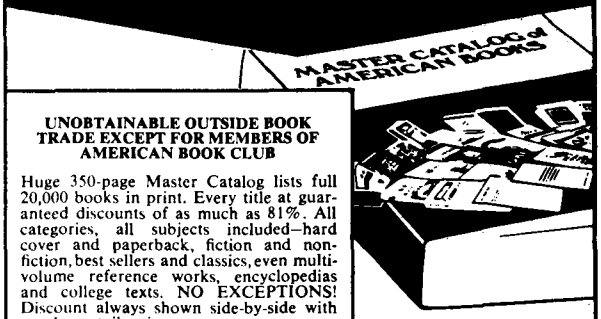

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The Unilateral Withdrawal of Private Weise

THE PERSON who arranged our meeting told me to look for a short, stocky fellow with blond hair and mustache and a long scar cutting vertically down the bridge of his nose. I was told that he would meet me in a local coffee shop at nine in the morning, that he was a fugitive and that he would answer to the name "Marvin."

He came in without a jacket, his hands jammed down into his pants pockets and his eyes watering from the cold. He looked sleepy and slightly disoriented, but otherwise ordinary, like an undergraduate caught somewhere in limbo between fraternity and bohemia. He sat down, younger than I had imagined, and we made halting conversation for a few minutes. Then he began to talk about his life over the last two years. It was hard work for him: his forehead knotted when he groped after illusive concepts; a brief smile occasionally passed over his mouth, pulling it downward in self-deprecation; and his eyes, feral and haunted, roamed constantly around the room checking out the alien faces. There was a brutal fascination in his story, and I didn't think to ask what his real name was until we had talked for awhile. Even then it was as a sort of afterthought. "David," he replied. "David Weise." Then he shook his head vaguely. "Sometimes it sounds strange to me. I don't hear it very often."

He chain smokes, exhaling each lungful of smoke harshly. He goes through a half-pack of stomach mints in an hour. He picks at his breakfast, apologizing that it is hard for him to eat these days and that he sleeps only three hours a night. He admits to being paranoid. But the pressure he is under makes it all understandable. For the last two years he has been a deserter from the U.S. Army, on the run in a one-man underground.

A young man leaving a small town, setting out on the road, having a series of adventures, and finally coming to stand on the threshold of discovering who and what he is. This is a familiar and timeless American theme, the pattern for some of our best fiction. It also describes what has happened to David Weise, although his odyssey has taken place in a contemporary reality more nightmarish than a novelist could conjure up.

WEISE DESCRIBES his background willingly, but feels it had little impact on what he has gotten into. His family moved from Missouri when he was 11 years old and came to Oregon, settling down in a small town 40 miles outside of Portland. His mother left home when he was 12; his father left shortly thereafter. He grew up with a succession of aunts and uncles, foster parents, and finally his grandparents, who have functioned as the closest thing he has to a real family. He saw his four brothers and sisters only rarely, but maintained as firm a relationship with them as he could. All this is recollected with tranquility, not pain. It would be an appropriate cause for his desertion only to Army psychiatrists, enmeshed in the jargon of their profession and looking for a lie.

Mostly, the images from his past evoke the uneasy coming of age that most young people suffer in Middle America. He smoked a little pot and drank some beer. He had a car in which he struggled with unconsenting pom-pon girls. He was an average student, and his ideas didn't extend much beyond the conservatism of the small town he lived in. He loved hiking and was a good athlete, going to the state wrestling championships three years in a row and finishing as runner-up in his weight class as a junior. When he graduated from high school in 1966, the University of Oregon offered him an athletic scholarship. He went there for a year and then dropped out because he didn't feel ready for college. Thinking that he would work for a year and then perhaps re-enroll, he took a job at Yosemite National Park. In 1967, the life flow that would normally have led to a job, a family, and a settled life back in Oregon was interrupted by an induction notice.

"I had a vague idea that something was wrong with the war," he says, "and I tried to become a conscientious objector after I was drafted. But the draft board denied it. Then I decided to just go ahead and do my two years, and avoid going to Viet-Nam by getting stateside duty. Seventeen weeks after I was drafted —after basic and advanced infantry training—I got orders to ship for Viet-Nam. At that point, I was really out of it. I hadn't had time to think since I went in. They wear you down physically in basic to get at you mentally. And with me they did OK. By the end of training, I was the perfect soldier. I'd won a couple of trophies in physical conditioning. I was a good shot on the range. I was pretty well brainwashed and probably would have marched right into the war except that they gave me a 20-day leave before I was supposed to report."

He went back to Yosemite alone, assuming that his next hiking trip would be in the jungles of Southeast Asia. "While I was up there," he recalls, "I started wondering about things—what to do and all. Then it suddenly occurred to me that there really wasn't any decision to make. I didn't have any alternative. I couldn't go. I guess fear of being killed played some part in it, but the thing was that I hadn't minded standing there in basic firing at targets—you knew that when they went over after getting hit, they'd pop back up again. It was something else to go over there and do it to men who would stay down. I said the hell with it."

He spent the rest of the summer in Yosemite. It was, as he looks back on it now, an "impulse"; the meaning of being a fugitive dawned on him only gradually. He learned that he could go to Canada as a draft dodger, but not as a deserter. He had to begin to forget his name, aware that he could be traced through it. He lived as anonymously as possible, going down to the popular Yosemite park floor a couple of days a week, where a sympathizer had arranged to get him work as an automobile tour guide. With his earnings, he would buy supplies—mainly rice and bouillon cubes; then he would return to the high country

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where he lived out of a sleeping bag and a back pack.

Summer passed. He began to feel isolated in his guilt and confusion, and hitch-hiked to the Bay Area. There he was surrounded by the most active branch of the anti-war movement in the country, but he himself felt strangely ambiguous about protest. "I wasn't what you'd call 'political,' " he says. "I didn't really understand why I'd deserted and wasn't able to keep up with what a lot of the Berkeley people were doing and saying." He talked to draft counselors about what he had done, and they told him to turn himself in and hope for the best from military justice. He remembers wanting very much to take this advice, but being afraid. Unable to act, he floated in the hedonism of the Berkeley underworld, forgetting temporarily the magnitude of what he had done. An abrupt and violent encounter with the law jogged his memory.

HE TOLD ME ABOUT IT as we walked down the street. He had gotten more and more nervous in the coffee shop because, as he put it, "the walls were closing in."

"I had met this girl, Susan," he recalled. "We'd been living together in Berkeley and we decided to hitch down to Monterey for the weekend. We got there late and stayed in this small town motel. For some reason, maybe because of the way we looked or something, the landlady got uptight. The next morning she called the police on us.

"It was grey, and I still remember standing there in front of this cop. I had told Susan that if anything happened she should say she didn't know me, that we'd just met hitch-hiking. Anyway, the cop asked for my ID. He noticed that there wasn't any draft card and asked me about it. I couldn't say that they make you turn it in when you're drafted, but I didn't know what else to say. He must have suspected I was AWOL because we were so close to Fort Ord. After calling in, he said I'd have to come with him. I said there was no way he could make me, and turned and ran. He fired three shots over my head. I thought I was going to get one in the back of the head any second, but I kept running, down to the beach. I ran for a couple of miles, then came to a rock formation that went into the ocean and blocked my path. There were these three guys camping there. They looked OK, so I ran over and told them what was happening and asked for help. They put me in the back of their camper, laid a mattress over me, and then started off. They hadn't gotten 20 yards before the cop car pulled in. They stopped, got out, and yelled out that I was hiding in their car before the cop even asked them anything. The next thing I knew, there was a gun in my face and I was under arrest."

He was taken to the small town of San Luis Obispo. Then the Fort Ord MP's came to get him. They handcuffed him and put him in leg shackles. Weise remembers one of them saying, "Go ahead and run. Just remember one thing: I won't shoot over your head." They took him to Camp Roberts, a Marine summer training base near Fort Ord, and then to Ord itself.

"They thought I was just another AWOL soldier, I guess, and treated me as if I was back in the Army now. I told them that I wasn't going back to duty and that there was no way they'd get me to Viet-Nam, but they didn't pay much attention. They put me in this temporary stockade, a sort of processing center, and said I'd be taken to the permanent one the next day.

"That one day was enough. It scared the hell out of me. There were six guards and about 30 men, most of them 17 or 18-year-olds who'd gone AWOL to see their parents or girlfriends. It was an absolutely vicious scene. There were these small boxes on the floor. The guards made you sit in them and if your legs dangled over, they'd come by and hit them. There was this tiny cage in the middle of the compound. They put the prisoners they took a dislike to in it and let them stay there for hours, all curled up and tortured. The rest of the men they made stand at attention against the wall, holding a piece of paper on it with their noses. You learned not to let the paper slip.

"One of the prisoners, he stuttered badly. The guards really had it in for him for some reason. They kept teasing him. They told him that he stuttered because he screwed his mother. The more uptight he got, the more he stuttered. Finally, when he was all red and could hardly talk, one of the guards said something like, 'You're pretty mad, aren't you? Well, come on, why don't you do something about it? Just you and me. Come on.' The guy swung at the guard, then all the other guards jumped on him and beat him to hamburger with their clubs. It was terrible. By the time the guard changed later in the afternoon, most of the prisoners, they just sank down on the floor and started to cry. I decided that I had to get out.

"The compound we were in had cyclone fencing over all the windows. But there was a door, and it had an upper part of glass that didn't have any wire on it for some reason. I stayed awake all night, watching that door. About five in the morning I realized that they'd be coming to take me in a couple of hours, and that if I didn't get out now there'd never be another chance. I jumped up, grabbed this fire extinguisher I'd been sleeping next to, and went charging across the room. I threw it through the glass and dove out after it, cutting the hell out of my legs. I got outside the building and started running. I went up one row of barracks and down another so they wouldn't have a clear shot at me running in a straight line. I made it to Highway 1, crossed over, and went down to the beach. I ran along the edge of the water for about six miles so I wouldn't leave any footprints. After a while, I heard a helicopter up above the fog, looking for me, I guess. I crossed an artichoke field and went back to Highway 1 again. I wrapped a field jacket I'd been wearing around my waist so nobody could see the blood on my legs, and started hitch-hiking. I'd wait in the bushes along the side of the road until the last minute so I could make sure that it wasn't an official car and then jump out with my thumb in the air. The third car that came by gave me a ride. He took me to Santa Cruz. I got to the bus station there and stood around for a while. Then I took a chance and asked this hip-looking girl to buy me a ticket to Oakland. She did. I didn't know how I ever made it. I still don't."

WEISE STAYED in the Bay Area for a few weeks, recuperating from the cuts on his legs (which have left bad scars) and from his brief glimpse of military justice. He tried to consider all the alternatives, but they kept boiling down to the same two choices that had existed from the day he deserted: giving himself up or leaving the country. His day in the stockade decided him against the first. The latter seemed too final; friends told him that

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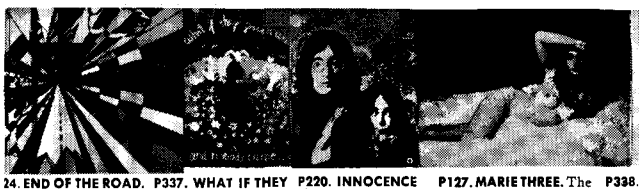
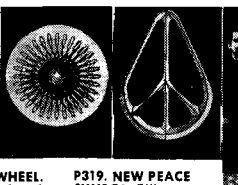


24. END OF THE ROAD. kscreened in dayglo low, green, blue, ce-e, orange, purple, on ck. 30"x21". *Only* **1.98**

P337. WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR . . . And Nobody Came; Yellows, greens, browns, blue, white. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P220. INNOCENCE IS INVULNERABLE. John & Yoko in dayglo chartreuse, purple, orange & black. 19" x 26". *Only* **1.98**

P127. MARIE THREE. The famous Marie in a Recamier pose—clad in Saran Wrap; in full color. 42"x29". *Only* **1.98**



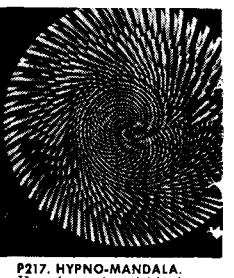
P338. THE RED BARON. Red Baron aloft awaiting our favorite folk hero; reds & blues predominate. 31" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P323. COLOR WHEEL. Silkscreen dayglo yellow, red, blue, green, on black. 21"x32". *Only* **1.98**

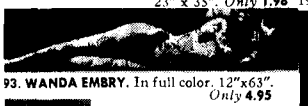
P319. NEW PEACE SYMBOL. Silkscreen dayglo yellow & orange on black. 21" x 33". *Only* **1.98**

P304. BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND. Silkscreen dayglo green, orange & blue, 21" x 30". *Only* **1.98**

P291. OLIBET BISCUITS. In muted greens, red, gold, pale green. 14" x 34". *Only* **1.00**



P217. HYPNO-MANDALA. Huge hypnotic swirl in dayglo red, yellow, blue, on purple. 20" square. *Only* **1.00**



93. WANDA EMBRY. In full color. 12"x63". *Only* **4.95**

P665. Klee: SENECIO. Geometric portrait in hues of red, pink, yellow, cream & burnt orange. 15" x 17". *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

P666. CHIQUITA BANANA. Ripe banana yellow. 19" wide x 48¾" high. *Special* **1.00**

R243. OMEGA. Resistance symbol in dayglo orange on black. 30" square. *Only* **1.49**

P306. Joel Beck's ODALISQUE. High satire in red-browns, gold, ice-white & blue. 26" x 14". *Only* **1.00**

P881. BARBARELLA. Jane Fonda as *Barbarella* in full color. 29" x 53". *Only* **1.00**

P177. "?" World as dot of question mark, with mushroom cloud above; in 4 colors. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P214. Peter Max: MAN ON THE MOON. Apollo 11 poster in pastels on space-black background. 36"x24". *Only* **1.98**

P216. BIRTH OF OUR NEW NATION. Handsome poster with lettering in red, white & blue. 23" x 31". *Only* **1.00**

P299. Mucha: LORENZACCIO Sarah Bernhardt; browns & pale green. 12" x 34." *Only* **1.00**

P920. SPEED KILLS. Graphic photo portrayal. 31" x 24". *Only* **1.00**

P789. SIGNALS OP circles and squares in dayglo fuchsia, dayglo green and rust. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**

P285. WHO NEEDS YOU. Mad Magazine poster in red, white & blue. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P339. PEACE. Hands, black & white, & white dove, on sky blue; silkscreen. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P330. SUPER-ZODIAC. Huge silkscreen in dayglo yellow, orange, red, purple, green & blue. 43" x 33". *Only* **2.98**

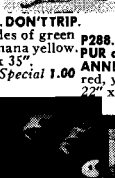
P112. FROGS. Stylized mandala in dayglo cerise, orange, chartreuse, blue, green, black. 29" sq . *Only* **1.98**

38. ENDLESS INTER. Blinding yglo red, charteuse, blue & hite. 29"x41". *Only* **1.98**

P147. Hug: LION'S HEAD. *On Canvas* —Lithographed in brown tones & yellows. 22"x28". *Only* **5.95**

P716. Mucha: BIERES DE LA MEUSE. Muted purple, yellow-gold, red, cream. 34" x 53". *Special* **2.98**

P987. DON'T TRIP. Shades of green & banana yellow. 22" x 35". *Special* **1.00**

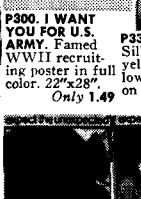


P288. Steinlen: LAIT PUR de la VINGEANNE STERILISE. In red, yellow & green. 22" x 29". *Only* **1.49**

P289. PALAIS DE GLACE. Poster for the famous ice skating palace; muted reds, yellows, blues. 22" x 29". *Only* **1.49**

P321. TRI-PEACE/LOVE. Silkscreen dayglo hues of cerise, yellow, green, orange, & purple. 21" x 33". *Only* **1.98**

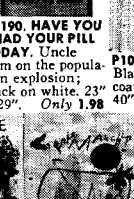
P286. Complete Set of 4 Posters. *Special* **3.88**



P300. I WANT YOU FOR U.S. ARMY. Famed WWII recruiting poster in full color. 22"x28". *Only* **1.49**

P334. EUPHORIA. Silkscreen dayglo yellow-orange, yellow & blue-green, on black. 33"x43". *Only* **2.98**

P884. A MAN AND A WOMAN. Dayglo cerise, green, orange, red, on black. 29"x 40" *Only* **1.98**



P190. HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PILL TODAY. Uncle Sam on the population explosion; black on white. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

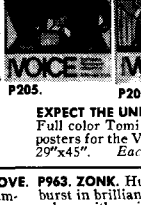
P101. LONDON ZOO. Black on white; coated stock. 26" x 40". *Only* **2.95**

P115. CAT. Flaming dayglo green on dayglo cerise & orange. 20" x 30". *Only* **1.98**

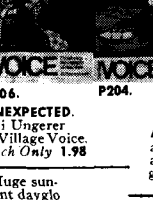
P148. Hug: TIGER. Full color canvas. 28" x 22". *Only* **5.95**

P845. BANK by WARHOL. Superb photo-color fidelity in reds, blues, purple, yellow, beige. 45" x 30". *Special* **3.95**

P295. PIG. Silkscreened maze of swirling dayglo chartreuse, cerise, blue & brown. 30" x 20". *Only* **1.98**



P205.



P206.

P204.

P648. Chagall

P647. Miro

P646. Klee

P649. Dufy

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159. CATTLE BARON. ull color inspiration break the dull steak bit. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.00**

P292. FLAMING LOVE. Silkscreen; in flaming dayglo yellow, cerise, beige, on black. 21" x 26" *Only* **1.98**

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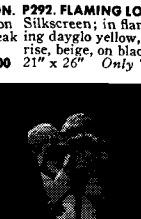
P114. SPHERES. Vivid dayglo red, orange, & green spheres on black. 19" x 31". *Only* **1.98**



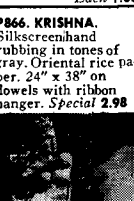
P110. Thoreau: ON INDIVIDUALITY. Painting by Hazard Durfee with greens predominating. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P866. KRISHNA. Silkscreen hand rubbing in tones of gray. Oriental rice paper. 24" x 38" on dowels with ribbon hanger. *Special* **2.98**

P128. SPIRIT OF '69 The Spirit of '76 today, bloodied but unbowed; in full color. 29" x 39". *Only* **1.98**

P239. PHOENIX. Dayglo cerise, burnt orange, purple, green, chartreuse & black on blue. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P187. GRETA. Painted lady motorcyclist athwart a Los Borrachos M.C. rod; full color. 42" x 29". *Only* **1.98**



P730. BEATLE BANNER. In black & white; 18" high x 42" wide. *Only* **1.00**

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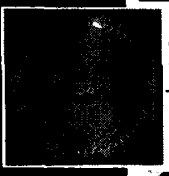
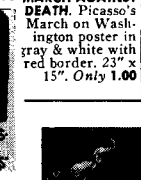


P872. Lorin Gillette: FREE. Nude & setting sun on coated stock. 15"x 21". *Only* **1.98**



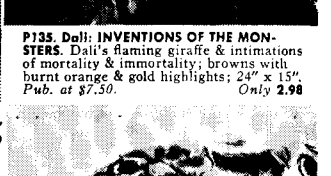
P327. LIKE CHEWING ALUMINUM FOIL. Jimi Hendrix silkscreen in dayglo red, yellow, matte black. 21" x 32". *Only* **1.98**

P293. DEEP-DEEP. Silkscreen dayglo greens, cerise, maroon, blue, brown. 26"x21". *Only* **1.98**

P119. OM MANDALA. Fiery dayglo orange & red. 21" square. *Only* **1.98**

P343. Picasso: MARCH AGAINST DEATH. Picasso's March on Washington poster in gray & white with red border. 23" x 15". *Only* **1.00**

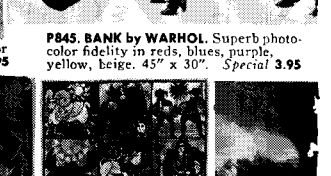
P113. UNCLE TOM. Green, brown, yellow predominate. 22½" x 33¼". *Only* **1.98**



P135. Dali: INVENTIONS OF THE MONSTERS. Dali's flaming giraffe & intimations of mortality & immortality; browns with burnt orange & gold highlights; 24" x 15". *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

P297. Mucha: JOB. Superb art nouveau poster in red-golds, cream & magenta. 22" x 29" *Only* **1.49**

P290. L'ERMITAGE. In lovely golds, yellows, pale green. 22" x 29". *Only* **1.49**



P261. PIPE LINE. Surfer crossing the wave; in full color. 24" x 36" *Only* **1.00**

P173. COMPLEAT ZODIAC. In burnt oranges, yellows, deep purples. 20" x 29". *Only* **1.49**

P187. GRETA. Painted lady motorcyclist athwart a Los Borrachos M.C. rod; full color. 42" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

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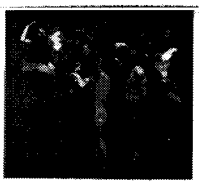
P129. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Color blocks in dayglo greens, red, blue, orange, on black. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P294. TIMOTHY LEARY for GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA. Silkscreen dayglo greens, cerise, blue, brown. 20"x28". *Only* **1.98**

P157. PEACE ON EARTH. A young man's questions go unanswered when he falls before an enemy bullet; shades of red & brown. 19" x 24". *Only* **1.98**

P201. THE LONG PASS. Painting for the NY Jets biography, from the Titans to Bdwy Joe Namath; full color. 44" x 30". *Only* **3.95**



P307. HAIR—"DAWNING OF AGE OF AQUARIUS". Full color muted browns predominate. 21" square. *Only* **1.98**

P879. Picasso: TORERO ADOR. White line drawing on matte black background. 26" x 35". *Only* **1.49**

P840. Andrew Wyeth: CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Magnificent collotype of girl in field of grass; harvest colors on fine art stock. 28" x 40". *Only* **7.49**

P309. SOCK IT TO ME. Silkscreened in dayglo red, yellow, purple, green, orange, on black. 21" x 32". *Only* **1.98**

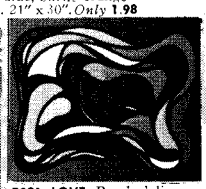
P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen. Spectacular in black & dayglo red. 25" x 38". *Special* **4.95**

P780. Klee: FLOWERS IN STONE. Full color. 18" x 23". *Pub. at $7.50. Now Only* **2.98**

P203. Village Voice: EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED. In full color. 29"x45". *Only* **1.98**

P336. JOINT. Full week's high (56" long x 19½" high) in brownish tones & white on coated stock. *Only* **1.98**

P236. "THE EXPERIENCED." Jimi Hendrix in dayglo purple, cerise, green, blue, burnt orange & matte black. 21" x 30". *Only* **1.98**



P830. Hug: THE CAT *On Artists' Canvas* —Siamese in tones of brown, yellow & cream. 29" x 22". *Special* **5.9**

P302. BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS. Silkscreen dayglo 21" x 30". *Only* **1.98**

P276. WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS—INVEST IN YOUR SON. Lithograph in ice blue, deep blue, and red lettering. 23" x 29". *Only* **4.95**

P310. YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK. Silkscreened in dayglo green, cerise, blue, purple. 21" x 32". *Only* **1.98**

P320. LOVE—PEACE. Dayglo cerise, yellow, green & blue, or black; silkscreen. 21" x 32". *Only* **1.98**

P328. SURREALISM IS MYSELF. Dali with flowered mustachios; silkscreen in dayglo cerise, blue, yellow, black. 21" x 32". *Only* **1.98**

P100. ROPS Exhibition Poster. 1967; purple & black on white. 19" x 29". *Special* **1.00**

P298. Mucha: LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS. Sarah Bernhardt poster in full color. 12" x 34". *Only* **1.00**

P253. WILD WEST MAP, ca. 1840. Full color; of trails, battles, Indian territories. 35" x 24". *Special* **1.00**

P317. GOD WANTS YOU. Recruiting poster for the Army of Saints; black & white. 23"x29". *Only* **1.00**

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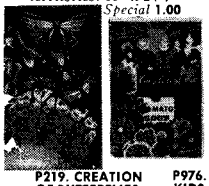

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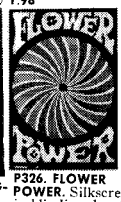

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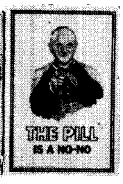

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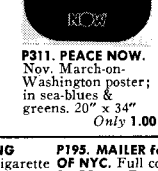

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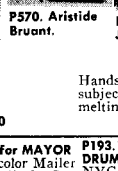

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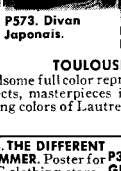

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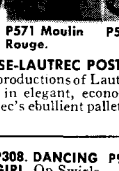

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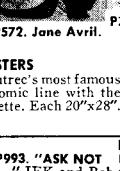

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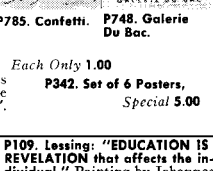

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the war would be over soon and that people like him could hope for amnesty. He wanted to believe it and so decided to hang on. But he wanted to get as far away from the Army as possible. He left for New York with Susan in hopes of adopting a new identity and beginning a new life. It was October 1968. He was 21 years old, and the six months he had been a fugitive seemed like a lifetime.

He remembers spending his first weeks in New York fascinated by the skyscrapers and repelled by the violence that hung palpable in the air. It was a small town boy's culture shock, and although he finally got over it, he often wished he were back in Oregon again, or in the mountains somewhere far from the urban cauldron. He took a new name and obtained identification through secret channels in order to get a job. He gave prospective employers the names of friends on the West Coast as references and then alerted them that they might be contacted.

"I started with a bookkeeping job," he says. "These people I gave as references lied and said I had all this white-collar experience, which I didn't have. I wound up working at a whole series of clerk-type jobs, using the first one as a reference. It was a way of surviving and it worked OK. I kept the jobs as long as I could stand them. Most of them were pretty bad and didn't pay much. It wasn't my thing, but we had to eat." He kept to himself and lived a model lower middle-class existence. He thought he might be able to declare a truce with the destructive ambiguity of his situation, but it worked at him in ways he couldn't control.

In February, 1969, Weise came back to California for a month's respite from New York. He went to Squaw Valley, where he got jobs shoveling snow and washing dishes in a ski resort, making as much money as he had in his various big-city clerking positions. Toward the end of his stay, he came down to the Bay Area to visit a friend whom he hadn't seen for a year. Once again he was forcefully reminded that he was a desperado.

"This friend, for some reason he told his mother about me. I guess he trusted her. Anyway, she knew where I was staying and she must have got to worrying about me being a bad influence. She called the cops. They came out to the apartment. They had an MP with them. I was shaving when they knocked at the door. I remember having the bathroom door open a crack and freezing when I saw who it was. My friend told them I wasn't there and asked for a warrant. They didn't have one, and for some reason didn't force their way in. They went down to the car to call in, and my friend went out to keep them busy. I crawled through the house on my hands and knees so they wouldn't see me in the windows. I got out the side door, and then I was running again, through back yards and over fences. I took the plane back to New York."

After this, the FBI began to periodically question his known Bay Area friends and made regular checks with his grandparents in Oregon. Weise never saw an agent, but he knew they were there, invisible and unrelenting, piecing together a trail that would some day lead to his doorstep. There were constant reminders that they were getting close. When he had stopped in Monterey, for instance, Susan had been carrying her roommate's purse by mistake and had offered the policeman the other girl's identification. That part of the episode was soon forgotten, and the roommate had since moved from Berkeley to the East Coast where she was in periodic contact with Weise and Susan. One day she telephoned to warn them that the FBI had called to grill her, thinking she was the girl who was with David Weise in Monterey.

He kept at his white-collar jobs for a few months, getting work from a series of employment agencies under the new name to which he was beginning to answer as if it were his own. Once he was robbed by two men whom he talked into not taking the identification he used for his new name. Toward the end of spring, he got a job driving one of New York's gypsy cabs. It kept him out of the offices he had grown to hate; it was fairly good money, unobtrusive, and secure. It was also a turning point. "I had money, a home, and a woman I wanted to marry," he says. "I was all set for life, except it didn't make any sense. It wasn't living. A year and a half of wondering if every cop I saw was going to grab me, looking at every person who was clean and crew-cut as if he were FBI, using another name, having my heart jump every time there was a knock at the door—it all started to get to me. Also, this war was still going on, and it didn't seem to be any closer to getting over than when I deserted. I was driving this cab and going through the ghetto almost every day, seeing all that poverty and suffering which I knew could be cured forever by just a little part of what we're spending over in Viet-Nam. Things aren't getting any better for the country, and they aren't getting any better for me."

Our walk had taken us to the University of California. We sat down in a quiet place near the plaza from which countless mass protests against the war had been launched, and he said that he hoped someday to finish his education at a school like this one. He had been wavering between prison and exile for weeks, and was reaching a point of crisis. He had to leave to catch the plane back to New York, and we said good-bye.

AT THE BEGINNING of December, I got a telephone call, the operator saying in a thin French accent that a Mr. David was calling from Montreal. A movement lawyer had told him if he turned himself in, he could expect a minimum eight-year sentence. "It was just too much," he said. "I wanted to, but I couldn't. That's too much of my life. Anyway, I'm here now. I went across at Vermont on Thanksgiving Day. I had taken two librium, but I went across the border shaking like a leaf."

He has been an uneasy rider for the last two years. Now he is working with the American Deserters Cooperative in Canada, and his life is seeking new dimensions. He has applied for status as a landed emigrant, and as soon as Susan joins him, they will head for the open mountain country in the Canadian Northwest.

After we had talked long distance for a few minutes, not really saying much, he hung up. I remembered the day we had met and talked for a couple of hours. He had been lighting a cigarette when we said good-bye and had fumbled clumsily with the matches to shake hands. It had been a bad moment for both of us. He probably had never talked about himself so much before and seemed upset by it. I had wanted to tell him that he was a hero and that the wrecked digestion and tangled nerves were part of an anonymous epic that might be celebrated someday when the times were better; but I couldn't because it would have embarrassed him.

—PETER COLLIER

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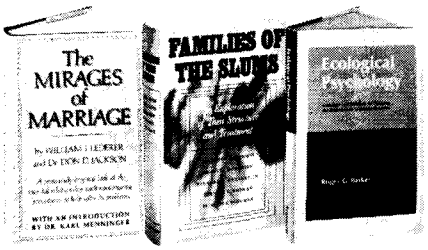

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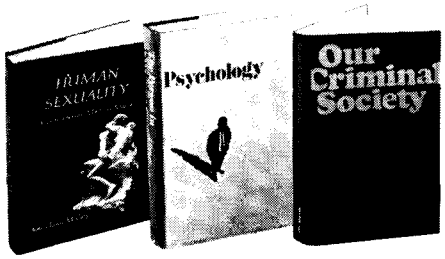

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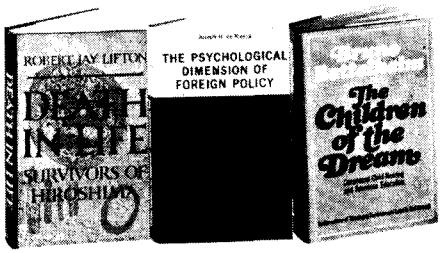
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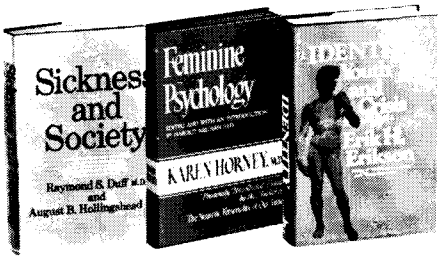

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14" x 50".
Only **5.95**

268. PICASSO. BULLFIGHT.
Silkscreen on artist canvas.
Black and White.
14" x 32".
Only **3.95**

520. WANDA EMBRY.
Full color on fine art stock.
The 46th annual New York Art Director's Club Show's Painted Lady. Life like. Life size. 12" x 63".
Only **4.95**

201. CRETAN BULL DANCERS.
Silkscreen on artist canvas.
Full color. 17" x 46".
Only **6.95**
103. On paper. Only **3.95**

536. WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS—INVEST YOUR SON.
Red, White and Blue.
22" x 26". Only **4.95**

251. PICASSO. DON QUIXOTE.
Silkscreen on canvas.
Black and White.
18" x 24". Only **2.98**

548. ZODIAC.
Silkscreen on art stock.
Daygio. 30" x 30". Only **4.95**

315. RYER. THE WRESTLERS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**
539. On paper. Only **2.98**

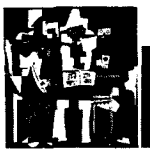
290. PICASSO. TOROS Y TOREROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24".
Only **3.95**

310. MODIGLIANI PORTRAIT OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on canvas. 16" x 27". Only **5.95**
535. On paper **2.98**

301. PICASSO. MOMENT OF TRUTH. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24".
Only **3.95**

260. MODIGLIANI. RECLINING NUDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 15" x 25". Only **5.95**

311. PICASSO. TOROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24".
Only **3.98**



252. PICASSO. THREE MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 24". Only **5.95**

196. WYETH. CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Collotype on fine art stock. Full color. 28" x 40".
Only **7.50**

267. PICASSO. PICADOR. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

309. VAN GOGH. SIDEWALK CAFE AT NIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 24".
Only **9.95**

231. PR. MEDIEVAL BRASS RUBBINGS: KNIGHT AND LADY. Silkscreen. Canvas. Black and gold. 12" x 36". Only **6.95** pr.
165. On paper. Only **3.95** pr.

322. DA VINCI. MONA LISA. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color.
16" x 24". **Only 5.95**

234. EL GRECO. VIEW OF TOLEDO. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
20" x 22". Only **9.95**

204. MODIGLIANI. SKETCH OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on canvas. Black and reds. 17" x 27". Only **5.95**
110. On paper. **2.98**

247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
16" x 20". Only **5.95**
186. On paper **2.98**

245. PICASSO. MATERNITY. Silkscreen canvas. Full color. 15" x 20".
Only **7.95**

212. VAN GOGH. SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas.
Full color. 20" x 26".
Only **6.95**

549. HAUSMAN. WOMAN. Silkscreen poster. Fine art stock. Full color. 20" x 38".
Only **4.95**

271. VAN GOGH. STARRY NIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas.
Full color. 18" x 24".
Only **9.95**
561. On paper. Only **6.95**

325. CHABAS. SEPTEMBER MORN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color.
18" x 24". Only **5.95**

321. GAINSBOROUGH. BLUE BOY. Lithograph on artist canvas.
Full color. 18" x 24".
Only **4.95**

209. PICASSO. STUDIES FOR MOTHER AND CHILD. On artist canvas.
Sepia tones. 16" x 20".
Only **4.95**

265. MONET. RED POPPIES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
19" x 24". Only **7.95**

264. MONET. SUNFLOWERS. On artist canvas.
Full color.
19" x 24". Only **5.95**

314. OROZCO. ZAPATISTAS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
18" x 22". Only **9.95**

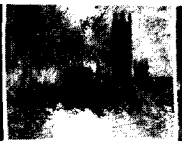
320. LAWRENCE. PINKIE. Lithograph on artist canvas.
Full color. 18" x 24".
Only **4.95**

547. PICASSO. TOROS EN VALLAVRIS. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Black and white.
20" x 21". Only **1.98**

257. RENOIR. GIRL WITH WATERING CAN. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
18" x 24". Only **6.95**

319. DeKAY. TIGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color.
18" x 24". Only **5.95**

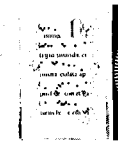
305. HAUSMAN. THE PARTING. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
16" x 20". Only **5.95**
529. On paper. Only **2.98**



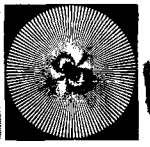
270. MONET. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Silkscreen on artist canvas.
Full color. 20" x 22".
Only **6.95**

316. MUNCH. THE KISS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Grays and blacks. 16" x 20".
Only **4.95**

282. HUG. THE CAT. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, tans, yellows.
22" x 28". Only **5.95**
508. On paper **2.98**

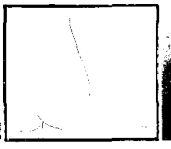


150. MUSIC MANUSCRIPT WITH ASTROLOGERS. Silkscreen on parchment paper. Full color.
20" x 30". Only **3.95**



542. ZONK.
On fine art stock.
Dayglo colors on black.
39" x 39".
Only **2.49**

283. HUG. THE TIGER. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, tans, yellows.
22" x 28". Only **5.95**
509. On paper **2.98**

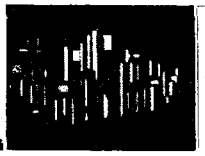


308. PICASSO. FEMME. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white.
16" x 20". Only **2.98**

277. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
20" x 28". Only **7.95**

546. PICASSO. MATADOR. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Orange and black
23" x 35". Only **$3.95**

871. GILLETTE. LOVE. Poster in grays and white on fine art stock. 17" x 21"
Only **1.98**



541. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo colors on black.
23" x 29". Only **1.98**

528. BEN SHAHN. Poster. Black & brown on white paper. 30" x 45"
Only **3.95**

300. PICASSO. CORRIDA DE TOROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
20" x 24". Only **5.95**

313. PICASSO. LA RONDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas.
Full color. 20" x 26".
Only **5.95**

324. ALBO. FREE AS THE WIND. Lithograph on artist canvas.
Full color. 18" x 24".
Only **4.95**

281. PICASSO. TOREROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas.
Black and white.
18" x 24". Only **2.98**

210. RUBENS. ARTIST'S SON. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
14" x 17". Only **5.95**
112. On paper. Only **2.98**

304. PICASSO. THE DOVE. Silkscreen artist canvas. Black, grays and white.
12" x 15".
Only **4.95**

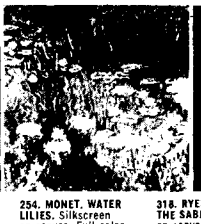
543. TARGET. Poster in red, yellow, black, and white. 40" x 40". Only **1.98**

276. PICASSO. THE OLD GUITARIST. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues and greens. 18" x 26".
Only **5.95**

305. RYER. LOVERS. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, gold, tans.
18" x 29". Only **5.95**.
530. Paper. **2.98**

312. PICASSO. LES PETIT FLEURS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
20" x 26". Only **5.95**

262. HAUSMAN. A MAN AND A WOMAN. Silkscreen canvas. Color.
16" x 23". Only **5.95**
523. On paper. **2.98**



254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color.
22" x 22". Only **6.95**
526. On paper **3.95**

318. RYER. RAPE OF THE SABINES. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color.
14" x 33". Only **5.95**
538. On paper. **2.98**

295. RYER. SEATED NUDE. Lithograph on canvas. Full color.
18" x 29". Only **5.95**
518. Paper. **2.98**

299. DAUMIER. MAN OF LA MANCHA. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color.
16" x 26". Only **5.95**

323. DEGAS. THE GLASS OF ABSINTHE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color.
18" x 24". Only **5.95**

540. SPHERES. Dayglo colors. Fine art stock.
19" x 31".
Only **1.98**

534. ART EXHIBITION POSTERS. Set of four. Heavy art stock. Full color. LEE, MIRO, DUFY, CHAGALL. 20" x 30" **ea.**
All four only **3.95**

240. VAN GOGH. BOATS STE. MARIE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28"
Only **5.95**

109. DURER. PRAYING HANDS. Silkscreen on paper. Blues, grays & blacks. 14" x 21".
Only **1.98**

248. EL GRECO. ST. MARTIN. Silkscreen on artist canvas.
16" x 20".
Only **6.95**

550. LOVE.
Silkscreen poster on paper. Full color.
23" x 35"
Only **1.98**

559. SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

557. I LOVE YOU. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35".
Only **1.98**

565. WHEN THE BOMB GOES OFF. Poster on paper. Black & white.
22" x 25". Only **1.98**

551. PINK LADY. Poster on paper. Full color.
20" x 30".
Only **1.98**

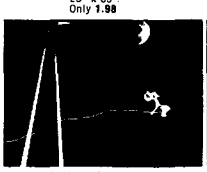
226. MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Metallic gold & brown. 11" x 31". Only **4.95**

289. CHARIOTEERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Metallic gold & brown. 11" x 37". Only **4.95**

563. RAPHAEL. MADONNA. Silkscreen drawing on paper.
15" x 22".
Only **1.49**

298. HOLTZ. SCHOONER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color.
22" x 28".
Only **5.95**

558. MOTHER EARTH. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35".
Only **1.98**



259. MIRO DOG BARKING AT THE MOON. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 21".
Only **5.95**

555. THE FALL. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35".
Only **1.98**

554. THE KEY. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35".
Only **1.98**

571. PETER MAX. AUDIO D.N.A. Poster on paper. Full color.
24" x 36". Only **1.98**

250. MANET. THE PIPER. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Color. 15" x 25".
Only **2.98**

229. PARTRIDGE PANEL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues, greens, yellow. 12" x 37". Only **4.95**
163. On Paper **1.98**

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339. DETLEFSEN. HAPPY DAYS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

215. PICASSO. THE LOVERS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

285. HUG. THE LEOPARD. Lithograph on artist canvas. Browns, tans, yellow. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **511.** On paper. **2.98**

251. SEURAT. LA GRANDE JATTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 27". Only **5.95**

302. PICASSO. FAUN WITH LEAVES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

278. TURNER. THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **7.95**

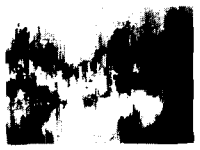
513. NEVER AGAIN WAR. After **KOLLWITZ.** Silkscreen on paper. Black, grays, daylglo red. 23" x 30". Only **4.95**

269. MONET. REGATTA AT ARGENTEUIL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 27". Only **6.95**

155. KLEE. BIRD GARDEN. Silkscreen on paper. Full color. 17" x 24" Only **2.98**

532. MATISSE. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on parchment paper. Blue. 16" x 23". Only **2.98**

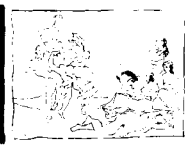
303. MODIGLIANI. CARYATID. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blue. 15" x 20". Only **3.95**



334. MUNNICH. CITY VISTA. Lithograph on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

335. SIMON. GOLDEN CHARGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

329. REMBRANDT. GIRL WITH BROOM. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



307. PICASSO. DANCES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 17" x 22". Only **3.95.**

272. BUFFET. CLOWN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**

288. PICASSO. BACCHANAL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

158. KLEE. FISH MAGIC. Silkscreen on paper. Full color. 17" x 22". Only **2.98**

266. REMBRANDT. MAN IN GOLDEN HELMET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 27". Only **5.95**

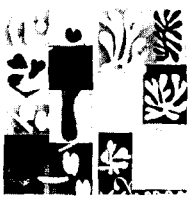
327. BORCH. THE LETTER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

286. VAN GOGH. STARLIGHT OVER THE RHONE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 25". Only **9.95**

341. DEGAS. BALLERINA. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 27". Only **5.95**

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC POSTERS 531. Set of four collotype posters. Each 20" x 28". Aristide Bruant, Moulin Rouge, Jane Avril and Divan Japonais. Special all four **3.95**

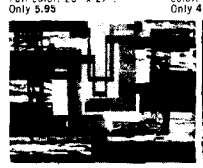
255. REDON. WILD-FLOWERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Color. 19" x 26". Only **2.98**



280. MATISSE. PAIR OF MURALS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 13" x 28" each. Pair only **6.95**

564. EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON. Poster on paper. Black and white. 20" x 30". Only **1.98**

279. FRAGONARD. YOUNG GIRL READING. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **6.95**



317. PEREIRA. LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues. 20" x 25". Only **9.95**

296. MURILLO. BOYS EATING MELON & GRAPES. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**

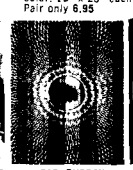
544. BUTTERFLY. Poster on paper. Dayglo colors. 29" x 23". Only **1.98**

333. APPEL. ABSTRACT. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

336. REMBRANDT. YOUNG GIRL AT DOOR. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

553. RENAISSANCE MINSTRELS. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 23". Only **1.98**

326. CEZANNE. BLUE VASE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



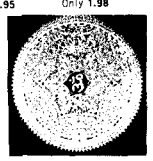
567. ENERGY. Silkscreen poster on paper. Dayglo colors. 22" x 28". Only **1.98**

797. BAN THE BOMB. Poster on paper. Dayglo color. 29" x 29". Only **1.49**

258. RENOIR. LITTLE SHEPHERD. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 23". Only **1.00**

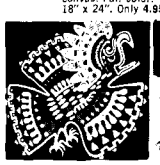
30. VAN GOGH. RAWBRIDGE AT ARLES. ithograph on artist nvas. Full color. 3" x 24". Only **4.95**

337. PICASSO. SEATED HARLEQUIN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

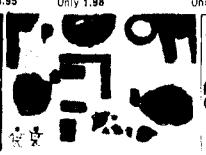


777. OM MANDALA. Silkscreen poster on paper. Greens & gold. 24" x 24". Only **1.98**

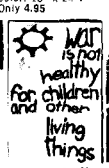
562. MICHELANGELO. SIBYL. Silkscreen drawing on paper. 15" x 20". Only **1.49**



568. AZTECA. Silkscreen poster on paper. Dayglo colors. 26" x 27". Only **1.98**



217. KLEE. THE LONELY ONES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **5.95** **147.** On paper **2.98**



560. WAR IS NOT HEALTHY. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

566. WOOD. AMERICAN GOTHIC. Lithograph on paper. Full color. 17" x 21". Only **7.50**

332. MONET. BASSIN D'ARGENTEUIL. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

340. WOOD. OCTOBER MORN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

6. ILLUMINATED MANU-RIPT—GREEN KNIGHT. kscreen on artist nvas. Full color. " x 21". Only **2.98**

235. ILLUMINATED MANU-SCRIPT—BLUE KNIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 15" x 21". Only **2.98**

552. TODAY. Poster on paper. Black & gold. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

328. RENOIR. LITTLE IRENE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

338. RENOIR. BOATING PARTY. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

572. PETER MAX. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

331. GARCIA. AT ANCHOR. Lithograph on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

219. MARINI. THE RIDER. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

502. ROUSSEAU. SLEEPING GYPSY. Collotype on paper. Full color. 20" x 31". Only **6.50**

570. PETER MAX. TOP CAT. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

573. PETER MAX. MARILYN MONROE. Poster on paper. Color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

r. PICASSO. THE TRAGEDY. screen on artist canvas. l color. 17" x 26". y **5.95**. On paper **2.98**

556. CAT. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo colors. 20" x 30". Only **1.98**

256. VAN GOGH. CHURCH AT AUVERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

244. MODIGLIANI. MARIE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Sepia 15" x 23". Only **2.98** **183.** On paper **1.49**

248. VAN GOGH. IRISES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 25". Only **6.95**

519. KWAN YIN. Silkscreen on rice paper. Blue. 12" x 39". Only **1.98**

291. REMBRANDT. YOUNG WARRIOR. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 27". Only **5.95**

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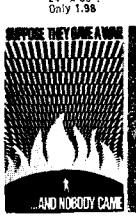

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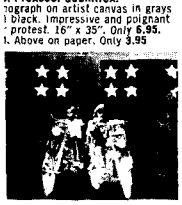

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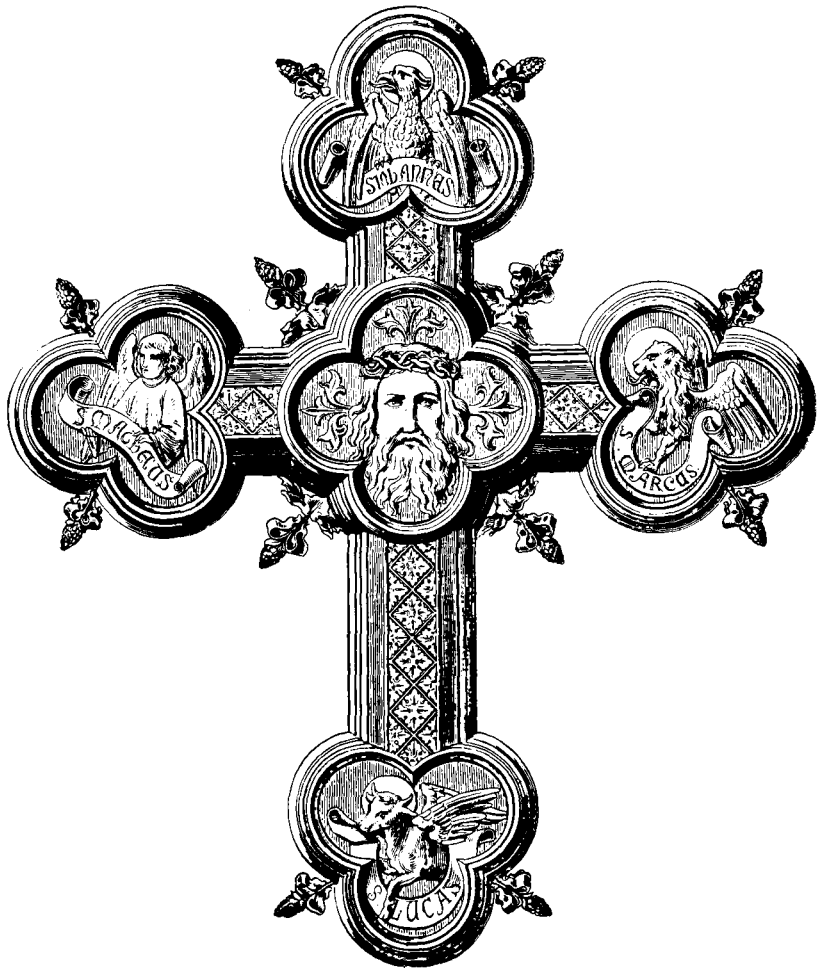

Opus Dei: Spain On The Cross

"The holy plan which the Lord has designed for us consists of three points: saintly intransigence, saintly coercion, saintly effrontery." —Maxim 387 from "The Way" of Opus Dei, the "simple association of the faithful" which has conquered nearly absolute power in Spain.

EACH YEAR, THE VATICAN publishes a thick red book, its list of Catholic organizations in the world. The 1969 edition has six discreet lines on page 912 describing what is called in Italian the "Societa Sacerdotale della Santa Croce," (The Priestly Society of the Holy Cross), also called "Opus Dei" (The Work of God). The listing takes up as much space in the Pontifical Annual as do the "Soldiers of Christ the King" and the "Sons of the Mother of Sorrows." The names of its major officers are not mentioned.

Nevertheless, both politically and financially, the Opus Dei is one of the most powerful secret societies in the world. In late October 1969, it won its greatest victory: a complete reshuffling of Generalissimo Francisco Franco's cabinet guaranteed it nearly absolute control of power in Spain. Nearly all of the 18 ministers in the new government (14 of them new appointees) are members of the Opus Dei or are under its direct influence.

Until that time, Franco had succeeded

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A Night at Santa Rita

SANTA RITA IS AMERICA, and that's why this album is so important. This is an album that should be dispersed widely, like Thomas Paine's broadsides. Share it. Play it at meetings. Bring it into classrooms. Play it for parents. YOU WON'T HEAR IT ON THE AIR SO YOU HAVE TO MAKE YOUR OWN NETWORK.

I cannot conceive of a more important album than this being released this year and for the years ahead. It transcends all Schwann categories—from any kind of music to any kind of spoken word. Robert Scheer's account of his night in Santa Rita, the Alameda Country prison farm—read by Rosko, with bassist Ron Carter and James Spaulding on flute — raises the most basic of all questions in this country. More basic than a moon landing. More fundamental than who runs for what office. The question is simply — and ominously — whether freedom can survive here. The freedom to dissent, the freedom to just speak out, the freedom to be who you are.

Within the prison farm on that night — in the United States — what differentiated the treatment inflicted on Sheer and his fellow prisoners from what they would have received in detention in Haiti, in Greece, in South Africa, in those Russian camps where dissident writers are sent? Nothing. And that is the chilling truth of this article, and of Rosko's reading of it.

A further question is raised. The guards. Is an Eichmann possible only in Germany? Was an S.S. officer possible only in Germany? What is wrong in a country that produces men who treat other men as less than animals? In the life experience of these guards, in the schools they went to, in the families in which they grew up, what fusion of frustration, fear, and bottomless insecurity about their own humanity worked to create such instruments of cruelty, of sadism?

But the burden is not only on the guards, In a country in which the majority of men do not fear to be free — and thereby do not fear those who are different from them — the conduct of guards like these would be overwhelmingly recognized as a sickness, a terrible disease of the spirit. But, if you remember, the majority of the citizenry did not condemn the riot by Mayor Daley's police in Chicago in 1968, nor would the majority of the citizenry in Alameda County demand that these guards be replaced. The guards, after all, were savaging "hippies," and "hippies" are different, and those who are different are not human. Just as "gooks" in Asia are not human and can be the first to be obliterated by the atom bomb. And in these later years, can be napalmed. In the name of "freedom."

Make no mistake about it. This country is inside the edge of another cycle of repression. It's happened before. The Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798. The Fugitive Slave Act of the 1850's. The Red Scare from 1919 to 1923. The mass imprisonment of Japanese-Americans in concentration camps during the Second World War. Senator Joseph McCarthy in the 1950's. And now the Attorney General of the United States asks for "preventive detention." A man is innocent until proved guilty? That's for bleeding hearts. Think about it. Take the Bill of Rights, remove its identification as the Bill of Rights, and put it on the ballot in each of the 50 states for a plebiscite. Do you think the Bill of Rights would pass today?

Think about it. Think of what happens to long-haired youngsters spotted by sheriffs in small towns in Wyoming, in South Carolina. Think of what happens to blacks and Spanish-speaking people telling the police in the big cities about their "rights." Think about the dangers of participating in a nonviolent peace march in Chicago.

To what purpose? Because Santa Rita is not all of America. It is not black America, or Puerto Rican America, or Mexican America, or Indian America. Nor is it the America of a huge number of the young of all kinds of backgrounds and heritages. As Eldridge Cleaver kept saying and writing, this has to be a time of coming together by all those who do not want Santa Rita to become *all* of America.

A time of coming together by all those who know, as Josephine Johnson writes, that "we are dying of preconceptions, outworn rules, decaying flags, venomous religions, and sentimentalities. We need a new world. We've wrenched up all the old roots. The old men have no roots. They don't know it. They just go on talking and flailing away and falling down on the young with their tons of dead weight and their power. For the power is still there in their life-in-death. But the roots are dead, and the land is poisoned for miles around."

The power is still there in the old, in Alameda Sheriff Madigan, in young guards who are already dried and old. But there is other power, life-affirming power. The kind of power underlined by the Most Rev. Ernest J. Primeau, Bishop of Manchester, N.H.: "The mature Christian is in a sense a man in a state of permanent revolution, which begins within himself but extends to the society in which he lives. In this sense Catholic education must be dedicated to training revolutionaries — men who will remake themselves and then go on to remake society."

But not only Catholic education should be that. And not only mature Christians are in a state of permanent revolution. All kinds of people in this country, most of them young, have educated themselves to become men and women who will remake themselves and then go on to remake society.

And *A Night at Santa Rita* is a profound educational experience, an educational manifesto, an epiphany. I repeat. Treat this album as you would a Tom Paine pamphlet had you been in America two centuries ago. Spread the word. The word is freedom. But the odds, aren't the odds against us? They always are. But, as Albert Camus said at Columbia in 1944: "We cannot accept any optimistic conception of existence, any happy ending whatsoever. But if we believe that optimism is silly, we also know that pessimism about the action of man among his fellows is cowardly."

— NAT HENTOFF

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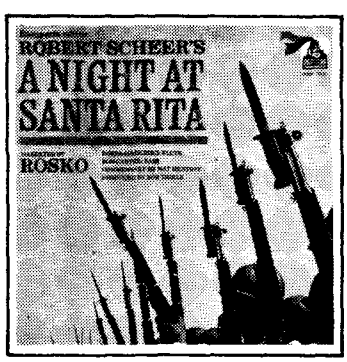

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in balancing political forces in his several governments. The dominant groups varied: fascist military men from 1938 to 1944; Falangists from 1944 to 1952; paternalistic Catholics influenced by the Vatican from 1952 to 1957. But each group had to share political power, including ministerial posts, with other factions. Today, for the first time, a single group—Opus Dei—governs Spain practically alone.

A secret society? Spokesmen for Opus Dei protest indignantly: "We're just a group of believers whose goals are exclusively religious and apostolic. Our only doctrine is that of the Church. The Opus has never had and never will have any economic or political activities. It isn't attached to any regime, political group or political belief. Opus members have complete freedom of thought and action. If some of them have jobs with great responsibility, they owe it to their personal merits, and not to the support of the association."

Opus Dei was founded in 1928 by Monsignor Escriva de Balaguer and 12 of his followers. Seventeen years later, at the end of World War II, it had fewer than 400 members. Today, there are nearly 50,000 (only five per cent of whom are priests) spread out over the entire world. The "Society's" by-laws apparently have never been officially recorded. ("If they ever sue you," a Jesuit advised me, "ask to see their by-laws. They don't have any!") Its "constitution," written in Latin, has never been published.

The only text publicly distributed by the Opus is a collection of 999 maxims by Escriva de Balaguer, called "Camino" ("The Way"). Written after the Spanish Civil War, it has been translated into 20 languages and has sold nearly 2,500,000 copies. There are many clues to the Opus in this mini-bible, which extols obedience and discretion above all. For example, number 387 counsels: "The holy plan which the Lord has designed for us consists of three points: saintly intransigence, saintly coercion, saintly effrontery."

The Opus puts these saintly virtues into practice behind a multitude of facades: student dormitories, cultural centers, spiritual retreats, educational courses for professionals and housewives, apprentice courses for workers and peasants, clinics, dispensaries, charity institutions, religious schools, etc. Its front organizations are to be found in such places as Madrid, Nairobi, Rome, Osaka, Cologne and Montreal. In all, the visible parts of the Opus Dei iceberg number more than 300, most of them located in Spain.

Beneath the surface lie the instruments of power. In Spain, the Opus Dei's men are found not only in the government, but on all levels of business: banks, import-export firms, universities, the press, advertising, television—even among bullfight proprietors. Officially, of course, the Opus does not "own" any of the enterprises which it controls; its name never appears. But its members or sympathizers hold all the key positions—a situation achieved through a kind of psychological influence, which often amounts to moral blackmail. When one has belonged to the society for ten or twenty years, when one owes one's social standing and job (bank director, chairman of a board of directors, editor in chief of a newspaper, minister, etc.) to the Opus, one doesn't behave obstinately towards the association's directors. One "cooperates," one participates in communal conferences (the Spanish ministers who belong to the Opus meet routinely by themselves before regular cabinet meetings), one listens to advice, one follows the official line.

It is in this way that the Opus has, over the last 30 years, built its imposing secular empire. Banks are at the heart of the enterprise—including the seventh largest bank in Spain, an international bank based in Spain, banks in Andalusia, Salamanca, Castile, Andora, and a dozen others.

For telling its own story, the Opus has newspapers, radio stations and publishing houses at its disposal. The Spanish Broadcasting Company, S.A.R.P.E.; the University of Navarre Press; D.E.L.S.A. (a firm dealing in book distribution and publishing); R.I.A.I.P. (a publishing company with offices in Madrid, Barcelona, Frankfort); a printing company, Rotopress S.A.; daily newspapers in Leon, Valladolid, Pamplona, Madrid, Barcelona; several magazines, including Mocloa, Nuestro Tiempo; a press agency, Euro-Press—all these are under Opus control.

THE PRINCIPAL WEAPON used by Opus Dei during its brilliant 15-year battle for political power in Spain was infiltration. Working patiently and discreetly, the Opus succeeded in getting its men into key administrative positions, ministries, Franco's court, and even into the hierarchy of its principal rival, the Falange, Franco's old fascist political party from the civil war. About a year ago, Opus directors decided that the time was ripe for a final offensive, with its goal the formation of a homogenous cabinet from which the Falange would by and large be excluded. Over the next year, the Opus had to face three obstacles: a coup d'etat, a battle over monarchial succession and a financial scandal. It overcame each one.

The coup d'etat took place on January 24, 1969, when the "hard line" military men decreed a three-month state of emergency throughout Spain; constitutional guarantees were suspended along with freedom of expression, association, etc. The official pretext was that of halting the activities of "revolutionary groups" and preventing "leftist subversion." In reality, the military men wanted to freeze the situation in the country, which was then undergoing unprecedented turmoil: industrial conflicts, demonstrations in the universities, revolt of younger priests. The goal of the military was to prevent any relaxation of power by the Franco regime.

This was not the way the Opus wanted things. It felt it was ready to take power and suspected that the state of emergency would be used by the Falange to institute its long-planned "union" law, wherein the existing national union (which is the only one allowed, obligatory for all workers, and vertically structured) would be made a power outside of the government. So the Opus men started a campaign to influence Franco, using Vice President Carrero Blanco as a go-between. The state of emergency, they explained, tarnished the regime's prestige, compromised the country's economic development, encouraged the flight of capital abroad and slowed down foreign investment. Their campaign finally succeeded and the state of emergency was lifted a month early.

The battle over monarchial succession followed quickly. There were three pretenders to the throne: Don Juan, Count of Barcelona (56 years old); his son, 31-year-old Juan Carlos; and 39-year-old Prince Hugo de Bourbon Parma. The Opus long ago made its choice: it wanted Juan Carlos. But it took the

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Over and over again we hear that tobacco is the cause of 98% of all lung cancer cases. Recent studies show that one out of every four smokers is a potential victim of this dread disease. Yes, tobacco is the most deadly poison developed by our civilization. Aside from lung cancer, cigarettes are the cause of other extremely serious diseases.

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Tobacco smoke is composed of 84 substances, 5 of which are carcinogenic (cancer causing) and 30 are toxic (poisonous). Every time you draw on a cigarette, cigar or pipe, you are exposed to at least 44 different chemicals and poisons, 23 among the most deadly are: lutidin, rubidin, carbolic acid, formaldehyde, methalymine, acreilin, collidine, viridin, arsenic, formic acid, nicotine, hydrogene, sulphide, pyrrol, furfuroi, benzpyrene, methyl alcohol, prussic acid, corodin, ammonia, methane, carbon monoxide, pyridin. Quite a lungful of deadly poison for just one puff of smoke!

In a recent survey conducted by a leading American Doctor the incidence of coronary diseases (infarction, angina pectorus, etc.) has been found to be 68% higher in smokers than in non-smokers.

So, if you want to stay healthy, you've got to stop smoking. But, be careful! Don't stop smoking all at once. That could be dangerous.

Now, where's this advice coming from? Some cigarette or pipe tobacco advertiser trying to make the best of a bad situation? Of course not!

This is the advice of the Anti-Tobacco Center of America, an organization designed especially to help you rid yourself of your addiction to tobacco.

OBESITY LURKS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Well, our experience has shown that a "confirmed" or "heavy" smoker should not stop smoking all at once, as this will seriously endanger his health and well being.

For years your body has been accustomed to its regular daily intake of toxic substances such as nicotine, tars, etc., and by now it is adjusted to that situation. Cutting tobacco out overnight will result in a shock to your physiological system accompanied nearly always by psychic disturbances. Which results in an imbalance of the sympatheic nervous system.

The digestive system becomes disturbed; the central nervous system becomes up-set; you become "bad-tempered", you can't be bothered by friends, spouse, children, etc., as the least little irritation will make you fly off the handle.

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But, that's not all; it has been effectively proven that anyone who attempts to stop smoking by sheer will power alone, will suffer terrible feelings of frustration.

A VICE THAT CAN KILL

In order to compensate, he begins to eat and eat and eat. This is why so many former smokers put on excess weight and become fat. Stopping smoking all at once has been the cause of many severe cases of obesity.

So, giving up smoking, by yourself, is not the real solution, as it might endanger your health.

Then, how should you stop smoking?

Well, this is what the Anti-Tobacco Center of America is going to teach you.

Just clip and mail the coupon below to receive full information on a program which will help to rid you of your need to smoke. You'll be amazed to learn that you can stop smoking without any danger and without straining your will power; after only a few days the desire to smoke will vanish.

Just think how much happier you will be!

This is the experience of an ex-smoker we all know: MAURICE CHEVALIER "I was sunk in a vice which had left life no meaning at all. I was chronically dominated by a mountain of cigarettes, which like a growing invasion of grasshoppers succeeded in ruining my nerves. I stopped smoking twelve years ago. (Chevalier wrote this in 1950) And it is since this fortunate decision that my mental activities, my intelligence, my memory developed so much, that I — who had lost all interest in life — could escape that growing scepticism and rediscover interest in what happened around me. *I was able again to read and . . . to remember what I had read!"*

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Dr. J. T. "I have used a supply of your product . . . I was informed of its composition by a friend, Dr. C., who was, truthfully speaking, rather sceptical. But after having used it, I do not smoke any longer and have no desire whatsoever to start again. The result is absolutely clear, without a shadow of a doubt, and I feel it my duty to tell you so."

Dr. E. C. "Since January 23, 1962, I no longer smoke. I have already given the "tip" to several of my friends and patients."

Dr. P. G. "I am happy that I do not smoke any more, this of course being due to the use of your product. All my thanks."

Dr. L. D. "The result was rapid. I think that anybody who wishes to stop smoking can do so."

(Since European law forbids all publicity for doctors, we can only publish their initials.)

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precaution of setting up its men in the entourages of the other two claimants.

While de Bourbon Parma is supported by the Carlists, his private secretary belongs to Opus Dei, and Hugo himself has close relations with the organization's leaders. When there were problems about his marriage to Princess Irene of Holland (she is Protestant), the men of Opus Dei offered to solve them. This they did, in their own way, persuading Cardinal Alfrink of the Netherlands that the royal family had agreed to the conversion of their daughter, and persuading the royal family that the Cardinal was agreeable to her conversion. The result was great anger in the Dutch palace when the swindle was discovered at the last minute, but the wedding took place anyway. Soon after, Hugo was expelled from Spain—which made one less pretender.

Don Juan is also well surrounded by Opus men. Two of his most influential advisers are Gonzales Fernandez de la Mora, a diplomat and literary critic, and Lopez Ibor, a doctor. It was Opus members who convinced Don Juan, despite his reluctance, to raise and educate his son in Spain. The young prince's advisers are all Opus men.

Juan Carlos himself is somewhat simple-minded and easy to manipulate. He has nothing against the Franco regime, which has given him a soft life, and he listens patiently to his Opus advisers. After his marriage to Princess Sophie of Greece (who was Greek Orthodox) the Opus took care of the religious question by a timely intercession with the Vatican. For a wedding present, Franco gave Juan Carlos the Zarzuela palace near Madrid, where the Prince gives dances, runs hunting parties and dresses in various military costumes which please his wife enormously. He is magnificently useless. For the Opus, he is a gift from heaven.

The first stage in the Opus campaign consisted of convincing Franco to name Juan Carlos as his successor while he was still in power. This task was accomplished in the autumn of 1968 thanks to the persuasive power of three men: Admiral Carrero Blanco (Vice President in the government and a long-time member of the Opus), General Castanon (chief adviser to Prince Juan Carlos) and Camilo Alonso Vega (a war companion of Franco, now 80 years old). An encirclement by the wives of the Opus men was also put into effect: Vega's wife, Dona Ramona, who is very close to Opus Dei, is not only a friend of Franco's wife but a "countrywoman" since both are Asturian. Consequently Dona Ramona was in a perfect position to push the aims of the Opus in her conversations with Franco's wife.

Franco let himself be convinced. On Sunday, July 13, 1969, he accepted the idea of designating Juan Carlos as his successor. The next day, General Castanon got the Prince's agreement, but swore him to secrecy fearing that Don Juan might have reacted badly had he heard; in fact, he reacted badly anyway. In principle, Juan Carlos should have waited for his father's death or resignation before accepting succession. The Opus Dei members around Don Juan made an unsuccessful effort to calm him and convince him to resign in favor of his son. Wounded, Don Juan refused to abdicate—which didn't prevent Franco from naming Juan Carlos anyway.

It was a great defeat for those who believed (as did Don Juan) in the possibility of at least a constitutionally controlled monarchy, if not a democratic regime. Juan Carlos will always be an instrument controlled by the Opus Dei. It was an even greater defeat for the Falange, which saw its zones of influence shrink at a time when the Opus Dei was obviously growing.

In response the Falangists tried to launch a counter-offensive by exposing and exploiting in their newspapers the greatest scandal in Spanish history: the Matesa affair.

Matesa began as a small family-run business (la Maquinaria Textil del Norte de Espana), founded in 1956 with a capital of 200 million pesetas. By June 1968, the capital had been boosted to 600 million pesetas, because Matesa had perfected a special textile machine which worked without the traditional needle and was capable of using all kinds of raw materials. Its research department in Barcelona was impressively modern. Its owner, Vila Reyes, was audacious, imaginative, a sportsman—in short, the archetype of the "modern management" which the Opus Dei believes Spain so badly needs.

Matesa, which had great sales abroad, easily obtained government export credits, order credits, loans for the construction of warehouses in shipping centers, and loans for the manufacturing abroad of its magical machines. And then, one fine day, it was discovered that the miraculous machines sold very badly. The models sent to New York rotted on the docks. In fact, most of the exports—fully registered in official government statistics—did not exist. It was also discovered that Matesa had fraudulently borrowed $15,000,000 from the government. Where did the money go? It seems that it had been invested in foreign businesses, mostly in Switzerland.

No one could say for sure that Matesa's executives belonged to Opus Dei. But it is certain that the fake government subsidies could not have been obtained without the complicity of the "technocrat" government ministers who are all members of the Opus. A violent press campaign began against corruption in government services; the Falangist magazine SP asked for the resignation of all ministers touched by the affair.

Opus Dei turned its back and let the storm pass. The ministers remained. There were clandestine negotiations with the Falange about letting the "union" law pass more readily if the Matesa affair died down. The Falange agreed: after a few weeks the official inquiry slowed down, no one was indicted for the crime, and the scandal was forgotten.

This was the moment for the Opus Dei to consolidate its 1969 successes by asking for the formation of a government in which it would hold all power. There was little resistance left: the military had crawled back into its hole; the Falange, weakened and infiltrated by Opus, was in no condition to fight. Franco gave in.

Over a year ago, a man rose to speak in the puppet Spanish Parliament, the Cortes, about the problem of Navarre University, which Opus Dei had opened at Pamplona. Opus spokesmen had continually said that the university existed without a cent of state money. The deputy revealed that, on the contrary, Navarre University received 69.2 per cent of all national education grants. In the course of the loud debate which followed he shouted: "You men of the Opus Dei are without shame!"

Perhaps. But they have won.

—YVON LE VAILLANT

This article, translated by Lawrence Bensky, appeared originally in Le Nouvel Observateur.

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"MALVENIDO ROCKEFELLER!"

ON A COLD DAY IN AUGUST of last year, Nelson A. Rockefeller, scion of the Standard Oil fortune, Governor of New York, and special emissary of the President of the United States, left Latin America to return home on the last leg of a major fact-finding tour. Rockefeller's trip had inspired massive protest demonstrations (in which police violence took six lives) as well as covert guerrilla strikes (in which revolutionary violence demolished 19 Rockefeller supermarkets—without casualties). The events served to focus public attention on the new wave of nationalist resentment and revolutionary hope in Latin America. The accompanying posters, painted for the occasion by Latin American artists, express these sentiments in particularly eloquent fashion.

Rockefeller's tour also produced a "Report on the Americas" for President Nixon. Just published in a New York Times edition, the report throws a revealing light on the underlying substance of U.S. policy in the Third World. The key section of the report ("U.S. Political Relations with the Hemisphere") is an unabashed defense of totalitarian regimes in Latin America, which it recommends supporting: "The authoritarian and hierarchical tradition which has conditioned and formed the cultures of most of these societies does not lend itself to the particular kind of popular government we are used to. Few of these countries, moreover, have achieved the sufficiently advanced economic and social systems required to support a consistently democratic system. For many of these societies, therefore, the question is less one of democracy or a lack of it, than it is simply of orderly ways of getting along."

It is hard to recall a statement endorsed by so central a figure as Rockefeller that gives the lie so completely to the official justification for the whole 50-year crusade against communist revolutions. The statement is unique, of course, only in that it is so candid. Washington's policy has always been one of support for totalitarian regimes, so long as they respected U.S. (and Rockefeller) property. Normally, however, the official rhetoric piously insists on the defense of "freedom" and the so-called "free world" as the basic overriding aim of U.S. policy. Nothing so venal as investments abroad would appear to enter into official calculations.

It has been necessary, therefore, to look at the practice to realize how ludicrous the rhetorical claim generally is. Thus, John F. Kennedy launched his "alliance of free governments" by recognizing all five military coups in Latin America during his administration. The liberal Kennedy rhetoric was for popular consumption. The Latin people would believe that they had a sympathetic advocate in the White House and would be patient. Meanwhile, *realpolitik* would govern Kennedy's programs at the operational level. As a result, the Alliance for Progress proved to be a bankrupt concept: abject compromise with power and privilege; insufficient crumbs to keep the people quiet.

It is precisely the failure of Kennedy's program of liberal reform for Latin America that has stimulated the new anti-U.S. nationalism and revolutionary ferment and made the growing repression so necessary from the point of view of the Latin oligarchies. The repression, in turn, will be supported by U.S. policy, because America's policy makers know that their primary responsibility is to preserve, not freedom, but that which remains when the rhetorical facade is removed: the corporate empire abroad.—DAVID HOROWITZ

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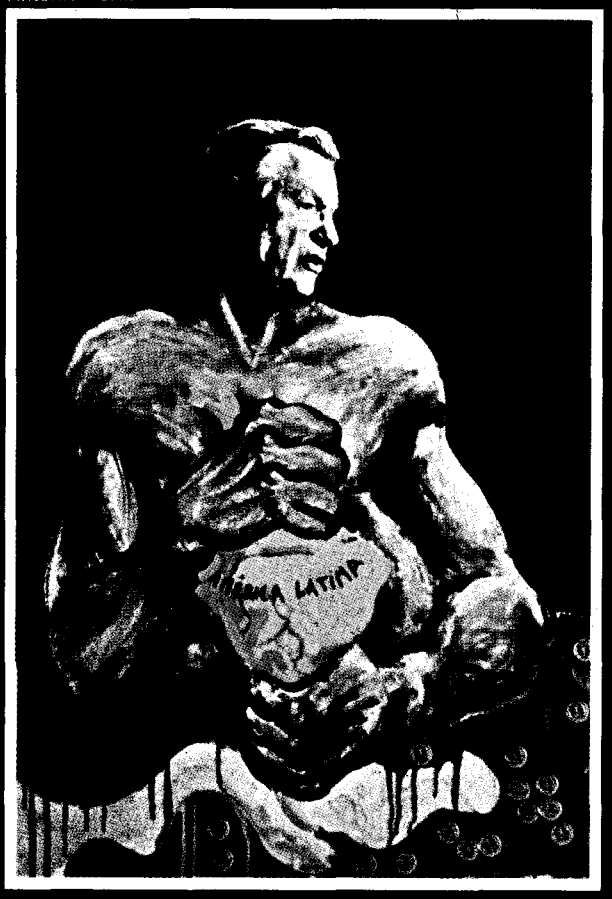
Antonio Berni



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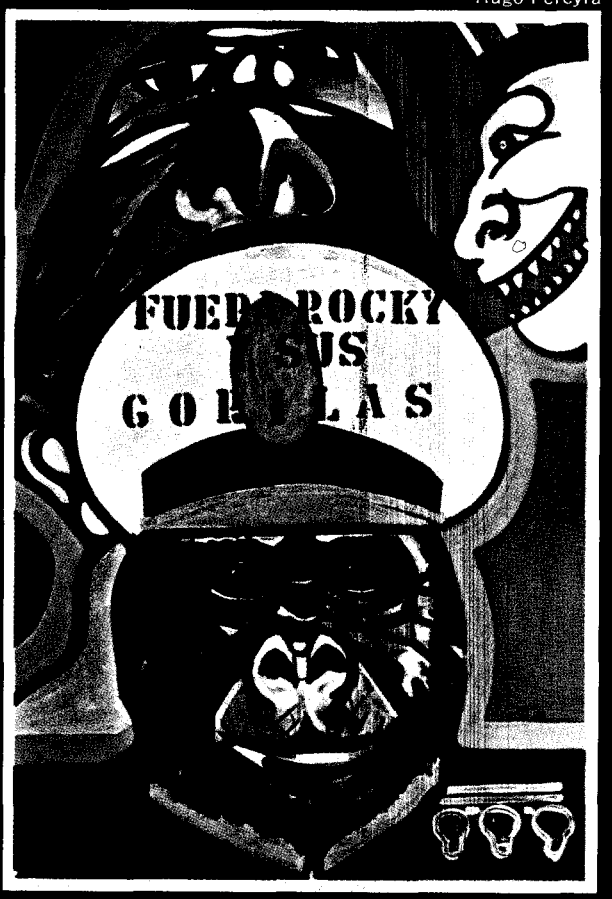

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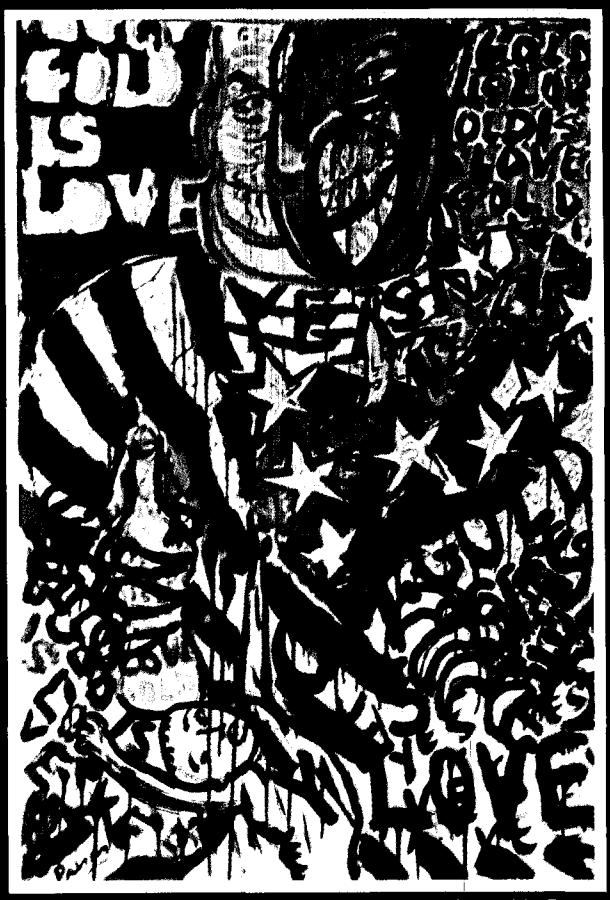

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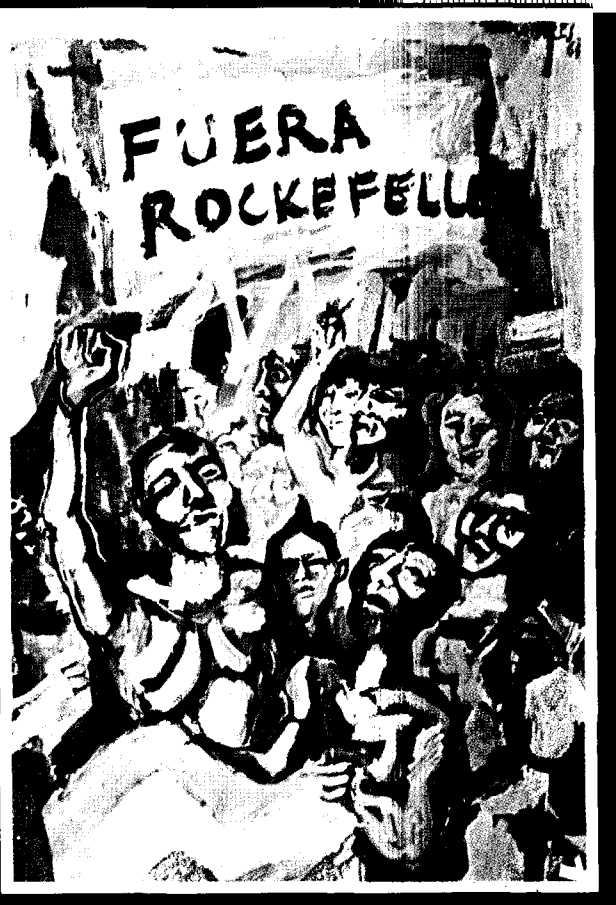

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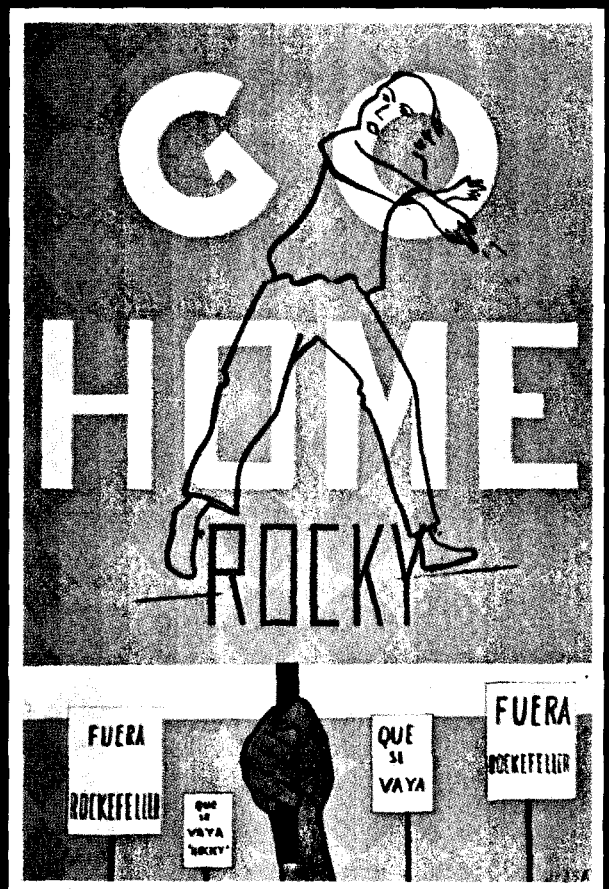

Julio Martinez Howard

Juan Carlos Garcia

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The Red Man's Burden

Photograph by John Peden

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WHEN FOURTEEN INDIAN college students invaded Alcatraz on a cold, foggy morning in the first part of November—claiming ownership "by right of discovery," and citing an 1868 treaty allowing the Sioux possession of unused federal lands—they seemed in a light-hearted mood. After establishing their beachhead, they told the press that they had come there because Alcatraz already had all the necessary features of a reservation: dangerously uninhabitable buildings; no fresh water; inadequate sanitation; and the certainty of total unemployment. They said they were planning to make the five full-time caretakers wards of a Bureau of Caucasian Affairs, and offered to take this troublesome real estate off the white man's hands for $24, payment to be made in glass beads. The newspapers played it up big, calling the Indians a "raiding party." When, after a 19-hour stay, the Indians were persuaded to leave the island, everyone agreed that it had been a good publicity stunt.

If the Indians had ever been joking about Alcatraz, however, it was with the bitter irony that fills colonial subjects' discourse with the mother-country. When they returned to the mainland, they didn't fall back into the cigar-store stoicism that is supposedly the red man's prime virtue. In fact, their first invasion ignited a series of meetings and strategy-sessions; two weeks later they returned to the rock, this time with a force of nearly 100 persons, a supply network, and the clear intention of staying. What had begun as a way of drawing attention to the position of the contemporary Indian, developed into a plan for doing something about it. And when the government, acting through the General Services Administration, gave them a deadline for leaving, the Indians replied with demands of their own: Alcatraz was theirs, they said, and it would take U.S. Marshals to remove them and their families; they planned to turn the island into a major cultural center and research facility; they would negotiate only the mechanics of deeding over the land, and that only with Interior Secretary Walter Hickel during a face to face meeting. The Secretary never showed up, but the government's deadlines were withdrawn.

> *"On this island, I saw not whether the people had personal property, for it seemed to me that whatever one had, they all took share of, especially of eatable things."*
>
> —CHRISTOPER COLUMBUS

ALCATRAZ IS INDIAN TERRITORY: The old warning to "Keep Off U.S. Property" now reads "Keep off Indian Property;" security guards with red armbands stand near the docks to make sure it is obeyed. Women tend fires beneath huge iron cauldrons filled with food, while their kids play frisbee in what was once a convicts' exercise yard. Some of the men work on the prison's wiring system or try to get more cellblocks cleared out for the Indian people who are arriving daily from all over the country; others sit fishing on the wharf with hand-lines, watching quietly as the rip-tides churn in the Bay. During the day, rock music plays over portable radios and a series of soap operas flit across a TV; at night, the prison is filled with the soft sounds of ceremonial drums and eerie songs in Sioux, Kiowa and Navajo.

In the few weeks of its occupation, Alcatraz has become a mecca, a sort of red man's Selma. Indian people come, stay a few days, and then leave, taking with them a sense of wonderment that it has happened. Middle-aged "establishment" Indians are there. They mix with younger insurgents like Lehman Brightman (the militant Sioux who heads a red power organization called the United Native Americans), Mad-Bear Anderson (the Iroquois traditionalist from upstate New York who fought to get the United Nations to stop the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers' flooding of precious Seneca Indian lands), Sid Mills (the young Yakima who demanded a discharge from the Army after returning from Viet-Nam so that he could fight his real war—against the state of Washington's denial of his people's fishing rights), and Al Bridges (one of the leaders of the first Washington fish-ins in 1964, who now faces a possible ten-year prison sentence for defying the state Fish and Game Commission). The composition of the ad hoc Indian community changes constantly, but the purpose remains the same: to make Alcatraz a powerful symbol of liberation springing out of the long American imprisonment.

The people enjoy themselves, spending a lot of time sitting around the campfire talking and gossiping. But there is a sense of urgency beneath the apparent lassitude. Richard Oakes, a 27-year-old Mohawk who worked in high steel construction before coming West to go to college, is one of the elected spokesmen. Sitting at a desk in the old Warden's Office, he talks about the hope of beginning a new organization, the Confederacy of American Indian Nations, to weld Indian groups all over the country into one body capable of taking power away from the white bureaucracy. He acknowledges that the pan-Indian movements which have sprung up before have always been crushed. "But time is running out for us," he says. "We have everything at stake. And if we don't make it now, then we'll get trapped at the bottom of that white world out there, and wind up as some kind of Jack Jones with a social security number and that's all. Not just on Alcatraz, but every place else, the Indian is in his last stand for cultural survival."

This sentiment is reflected in the slogans lettered on walls all over the prison, the red paint bleeding down onto the concrete. One of them declares: "Better Red than Dead."

> *"I also heard of numerous instances in which our men had cut out the private parts of females and wore them in their hats while riding in the ranks."*
>
> —A U.S. ARMY LIEUTENANT, TESTIFYING ABOUT THE SAND CREEK MASSACRE OF 1864

THE ALCATRAZ OCCUPATION is still popularly regarded as the engaging fun and games of Indian college kids. In its news coverage of the U.S. Coast Guard's feeble attempt to blockade ships running supplies to the island, one local television station found amusement in showing their films to the musical accompaniment of U.S. cavalry bugle calls. It was not so amusing to the occupiers, however. The California Indians now on the Rock know that their people were decimated from a population of 100,000 in 1850 when the gold rush settlers arrived, to about 15,000 thirty years

by Peter Collier

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later, and that whole tribes, languages and cultures were erased from the face of the earth. There are South Dakota Indians there whose grandparents were alive in 1890 when several hundred Sioux, mostly women and children leaving the reservation to find food, were caught at Wounded Knee, killed, and buried in a common grave—the old daguerreotypes still showing heavily-mustachioed soldiers standing stiffly over the frozen bodies like hunters with their trophies. Cowboys and Indians is not a pleasant game for the Alcatraz Indians and some must wonder whether, in another 150 years, German children will be gaily playing Nazis and Jews.

But the past is not really at issue. What is at stake today, as Richard Oakes says, is cultural survival. Some of the occupiers have known Indian culture all their lives; some have been partially assimilated away from it and are now trying to return. All understand that it is in jeopardy, and they want some assurance that Indian-ness will be available to their children. It sounds like a fair request, but fairness has never ruled the destiny of the Indian in America. In fighting for survival, the Indians of Alcatraz are challenging the lies perpetuated by anthropologists and bureaucrats alike, who insist that the red man is two things: an incompetent "ward" addicted to the paternalism of government, and an anachronism whose past is imprisoned in white history and whose only future is as an invisible swimmer in the American mainstream. The people on Alcatraz have entered a struggle on a large scale that parallels the smaller, individual struggles for survival that many of them have known themselves; it is the will to exist as individuals that brought them together in determination to exist as a people.

> "*When Robert Kennedy came, that was the only day they ever showed any respect for the Indian, just on that one day, and after that, they could care less.*"
>
> —A FRESHMAN STUDENT AT BLACKFOOT, IDAHO, HIGH SCHOOL

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL 14 on Alcatraz was a pretty 22-year-old Shoshone-Bannock girl named La Nada Means. Her hair is long and reddish-black; her nose arches slightly and prominent cheekbones square out her face. Her walk is slightly pidgeon-toed, the result of a childhood disease for which she never received treatment. If you tell her that she looks very Indian, she will thank you, but with a searching look that suggests she has heard the same comment before, and not as a compliment.

"When I was little," she says, "I remember my family as being very poor. There were 12 of us kids, and we were always hungry. I remember sometimes getting to the point where I'd eat anything I could get my hands on—leaves, small pieces of wood, anything. The other thing I remember is the meanness of the small towns around the reservation. Blackfoot, Pocatello—they all had signs in the store windows to keep Indians out. One of them I'll never forget; it said, 'No Indians or Dogs Allowed.' There were Indian stalls in the public bathrooms; Indians weren't served in a lot of the restaurants; and we just naturally all sat in the balcony of the theaters. You learn early what all that means. It becomes part of the way you look at yourself."

She grew up on the Fort Hall reservation in southern Idaho. The Jim Crow atmosphere of the surrounding small towns has lessened somewhat with the passage of time and the coming of the civil-rights bills, but it is still very much present in the attitude of white townsfolk towards Indians. And while there are no longer the small outbreaks of famine that occurred on the reservation when La Nada was growing up in the '50s, Fort Hall is still one of the bleakest areas in the country, and the people there are among the poorest.

Like most Indian children of her generation (and like a great many today), La Nada Means was sent away to school. Her youth became a series of separations from home and family, each more traumatic than the one before. The first school she attended was St. Mary's School for Indian Girls in Springfield, South Dakota. "I took a lot of classes in subjects like 'Laundry,'" she remembers, "where the classwork was washing the headmaster's clothes. All Indian people are supposed to be good with their hands, you know, and also hard workers, so we didn't do too much regular schoolwork at St. Mary's. They also had what they called a Summer Home Program where you're sent out during the summer break to live with a white family. It was supposed to teach you white etiquette and things like that, and make you forget your savage Indian ways. When I was 13, I was sent up to Minnesota where I became a sort of housekeeper for the summer. I don't remember too much about it, except that the wages I got, about $5 a week, were sent back to St. Mary's and I never saw them. After being at that school a little while, I got all upset. They said I was 'too outspoken,' and expelled me. After I got back to Fort Hall, I had my first breakdown."

For awhile she attended public school in Blackfoot, the small town bordering the reservation. She was suspended because she objected to the racial slurs against Indians which were built into the curriculum. She was 15 when the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) sent her to its boarding school in Chilocco, Oklahoma. On her first day there, the matrons ordered her to lower the hems on the two dresses she owned. She refused and was immediately classified as a troublemaker. "At Chilocco, you're either a 'good girl' or a 'bad girl,'" she says. "They put me in the bad girls' dormitory right away with Indians mainly from the Northwest. The Oklahoma Indians were in the good girls' dorm, and the matrons constantly tried to keep us agitated by setting the tribes to fighting with each other. Everything was like the Army. There were bells, drills and set hours for everything. The food was called 'GI Chow.' There was a lot of brutality, but it was used mainly on the boys, who lived in another wing. Occasionally they'd let the boys and girls get together. You all stood in this big square; you could hold hands, but if the matrons saw you getting too close, they'd blow a whistle and then you'd have to march back to the dorm."

La Nada made the honor roll, but was expelled from Chilocco after a two-month stay for being involved in a fight. "The matrons just had it in for me, I guess. They got about 100 other Indian girls against me and a few other 'bad girls.' They put us in a small room and when the fight was ready to begin, they turned out the lights and walked out, locking the doors behind them. We had a "riot," and I got beat up. The next day, the head of the school called me into his office and said that I didn't fit in."

She was sent off with one dollar, a sack lunch, and a one-way bus ticket from Chilocco back to Idaho. She lived with her family for a few months, helping her father collect data

Photograph by Stephen Shames/Photon West

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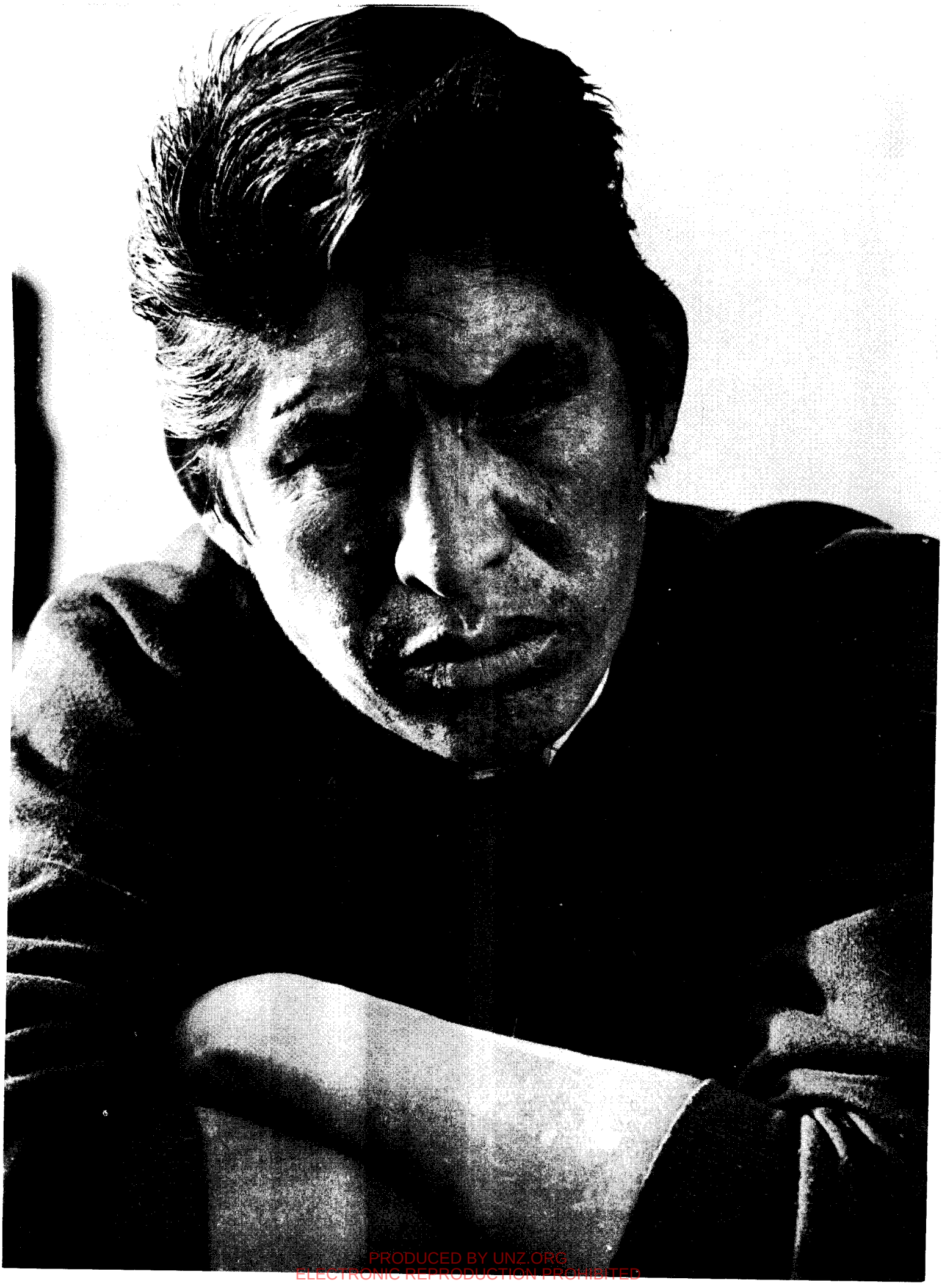

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about conditions at Fort Hall, and then was sent by the BIA to another of its boarding schools, Stewart Institute, in Carson City, Nevada. Her reputation as a "difficult Indian" followed her, and she was again sent home after being at Stewart for less than a day. The BIA threatened to send her to "reform" school; then it forgot about her. "I stayed around the reservation for awhile," she says, "and when I got to be 17, I took GED [high school equivalent] exams. I only had about nine real years of schooling, but I scored pretty well and got into Idaho State College. I lasted there for a semester, and then quit. I didn't really know what to do. At Fort Hall, you either work in some kind of menial job with the BIA agency there, or you go off the reservation to find a job in one of the towns. If you choose the BIA, you know that they'll try to drill a subservient mentality into you; and in the towns, the discrimination is pretty bad."

La Nada again spent time working with her father, a former tribal chairman. They sent out letters to congressmen and senators describing conditions on the reservations, and tried to get the Bureau of Indian Affairs office to respond. As a result, her father was harassed by local law enforcement officials. La Nada drifted for a time and then asked the BIA for "relocation" off the reservation. Many of the Fort Hall Indians have taken this route and 80 per cent of them return to the reservation, because, as La Nada says, "things in the slums where you wind up are even worse than on the reservation, and you don't have your people to support you."

The BIA gave her a one-way ticket to San Francisco, one of eight major relocation centers in the country. When she first arrived, she sat in the local BIA office from 8 to 5 for a few days, waiting for them to help her find a job. They didn't, and she found a series of temporary clerk jobs by herself. As soon as she found work, the BIA cut off her $140 a month relocation payment. She wound up spending a lot of time in the "Indian bars" which are found in San Francisco and every other relocation town. She worked as a housekeeper in the private home for Indian girls where the BIA had first sent her, and as a barmaid in a beer parlor. She was "drunk most of the time," and she became pregnant. She was 17 years old.

"After I had the baby," she says, "my mother came out from the reservation and got him. She said they'd take care of him back home until I got on my feet. I really didn't know what to do. The only programs the BIA has are vocational training for menial jobs, and I didn't especially want to be a beautician. Actually, I wanted to try college again, but when I told this to a BIA counselor, he said they didn't have any money for that and told me I was being 'irrational and unrealistic.'

"All types of problems develop when you're on relocation. The Indian who has come to the city is like a man without a country. Whose jurisdiction are you under, the BIA's or the state's? You go to a county hospital when you're sick and they say, 'Aren't you taken care of by the Indian Affairs people?' It's very confusing. You hang around with other Indians, but they are as bad off as you are. Anyway, I started sinking lower and lower. I married this Sioux and lived with his family awhile. I got pregnant again. But things didn't work out in the marriage, and I left. After I had the baby, I ended up in the San Francisco General psychiatric ward for a few weeks. I was at the bottom, really at the bottom. Indian people get to this point all the time, especially when they're relocated into the big city and are living in the slums. At that point, you've got two choices: either kill yourself and get it all over with—a lot of Indians do this—or try to go all the way up, and this is almost impossible."

As she looks at it now, La Nada feels she was "lucky." She tried to get admitted to the local colleges, but was refused because of her school record. Finally, because the University of California "needed a token Indian in its Economic Opportunity Program for minority students," she was admitted in the fall of 1968. She did well in her classes and became increasingly active, helping to found the United Native Americans organization and working to get more Indian students admitted into the EOP program. "After my first year there," she says, "everything was going along all right. I liked school and everything, and I felt I was doing some good. But I felt myself getting swallowed up by something that was bigger than me. The thing was that I didn't want to stop being an Indian, and there were all these pressures, very hidden ones, that were trying to make me white." At the summer break she went back to the reservation and spent some time with her family. The next quarter she became involved in the Third World Liberation Front strike at Berkeley, fighting for a school of Ethnic Studies, including a Native American program. She was suspended by the University.

La Nada's experiences, far from being extreme cases, are like those of most young Indians. If she is unique at all, it is because she learned the value of fighting back.

> "*We need fewer and fewer 'experts' on Indians. What we need is a cultural leave-us-alone agreement, in spirit and in fact.*"—VINE DELORIA, JR.

EACH GENERATION OF AMERICANS rediscovers for itself what is fashionably called the "plight" of the Indian. The American Indian today has a life expectancy of approximately 44 years, more than 25 years below the national average. He has the highest infant mortality rate in the country (among the more than 50,000 Alaskan natives, one of every four babies dies before reaching his first birthday). He suffers from epidemics of diseases which were supposed to have disappeared from America long ago.

A recent Department of Public Health report states that among California Indians, "water from contaminated sources is used in 38 to 42 per cent of the homes, and water must be hauled under unsanitary conditions by 40 to 50 per cent of all Indian families." Conditions are similar in other states. A high proportion of reservation housing throughout the country is officially classified as "substandard," an antiseptic term which fails to conjure up a tiny, two-room log cabin holding a family of 13 at Fort Hall; a crumbling Navajo hogan surrounded by broken plumbing fixtures hauled in to serve as woodbins; or a gutted automobile body in which a Pine Ridge Sioux family huddles against the South Dakota winter.

On most reservations, a 50 per cent unemployment rate is not considered high. Income per family among Indian people is just over $1500 per year—the lowest of any group in the country. But this, like the other figures, is deceptive. It does not suggest, for instance, the quality of the daily life of families on the Navajo reservation who live on $600 per year (exchanging sheep's wool and hand-woven rugs with white traders for

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beans and flour), who never have real money and who are perpetually sinking a little further into credit debt.

To most Americans, the conditions under which the Indian is forced to live are a perennial revelation. On one level, the symptoms are always being tinkered with half-heartedly and the causes ignored; on another level, the whole thrust of the Government's Indian policy appears calculated to perpetuate the Indians' "plight." This is why La Nada Means and the other Indians have joined what Janet McCloud, a leader of the Washington fishing protests, calls "the last, continuing Indian War." The enemies are legion, and they press in from every side: the studiously ignorant politicians, the continuously negligent Department of the Interior, and the white business interests who are allowed to prey upon the reservations' manpower and resources. But as the Indian has struggled to free himself from the suffocating embrace of white history, no enemy has held the death grip more tightly than has his supposed guardian, in effect his "keeper": the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

The Bureau came into being in 1834 as a division of the War Department. Fifteen years later it was shifted to the Department of the Interior, the transition symbolizing the fact that the Indian was beginning to be seen not as a member of a sovereign, independent nation, but as a "ward," his land and life requiring constant management. This is the view that has informed the BIA for over a century. With its 16,000 employees and its outposts all over the country, the Bureau has become what Cherokee anthropologist Robert Thomas calls "the most complete colonial system in the world."

It is also a classic bureaucratic miasma. A recent book on Indian Affairs, *Our Brother's Keeper*, notes that on the large Pine Ridge reservation, "$8040 a year is spent per family to help the Oglala Sioux Indians out of poverty. Yet median income among these Indians is $1910 per family. At last count there was nearly one bureaucrat for each and every family on the reservation."

The paternalism of the BIA, endless and debilitating, is calculated to keep the Indian in a state of perpetual juvenilization, without rights, dependent upon the meagre and capricious beneficence of power. The Bureau's power over its "wards," whom it defines and treats as children, seems limitless. The BIA takes care of the Indian's money, doling it out to him when it considers his requests worthy; it determines the use of the Indian's land; it is in charge of the development of his natural resources; it relocates him from the reservation to the big city ghetto; it educates his children. It relinquishes its hold over him only reluctantly, even deciding whether or not his will is valid after he dies.

This bureaucratic paternalism hems the Indian in with an incomprehensible maze of procedures and regulations, never allowing him to know quite where he stands or what he can demand and how. Over 5000 laws, statutes and court decisions apply to the Indians alone. As one Indian student says, "Our people have to go to law school just to live a daily life."

The BIA is the Indian's point of contact with the white world, the concrete expression of this society's attitude towards him. The BIA manifests both stupidity and malice; but it is purely neither. It is guided by something more elusive, a whole world view regarding the Indian and what is good for him. Thus the BIA's overseership of human devastation begins by teaching bright-eyed youngsters the first formative lessons in what it is to be an Indian.

> *"It is unnecessary to mention the power which schools would have over the rising generation of Indians. Next to teaching them to work, the most important thing is to teach them the English language. Into their own language there is woven so much mythology and sorcery that a new one is needed in order to aid them in advancing beyond their baneful superstitions."*—JOHN WESLEY POWELL

THE DARWINIAN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM which La Nada Means endured is not a thing of the past. Last spring, for instance, the BIA's own Educational Division studied Chilocco and came to the following conclusions: "There is evidence of criminal malpractice, not to mention physical and mental perversion, by certain staff members." The report went on to outline the disastrous conditions at the school, noting among other things that "youngsters reported they were handcuffed for as long as 18 hours in the dormitory . . . or chained to a basement pillar or from a suspended pipe. One team member . . . verified a youngster's hurt arms, the deformed hands of another boy, and an obviously broken rib of another. . . ."

The BIA responded to this report by suppressing it and transferring the investigators who submitted it. The principal of Chilocco was fired, but more as punishment for letting such things be discovered than for the conditions themselves. The same story is repeated at other BIA boarding schools. At the Intermountain Indian School in Utah, Indian children suspected of drinking have their heads ducked into filthy toilets by school disciplinarians. At Sherman Institute in Riverside, California, students of high school age are fed on a budget of 76 cents a day.

But there is a far more damaging and subtle kind of violence at work in the school as well. It is, in the jargon of educational psychology, the initiation of a "failure-orientation," and it derives from the fact that the children and their culture are held in such obviously low regard. Twenty-five per cent of all BIA teachers admit that they would rather be teaching whites; up to 70 per cent leave the BIA schools after one year. If a teacher has any knowledge at all of his student's needs and backgrounds, he gets it from a two-week non-compulsory course offered at the beginning of the year. One teacher, a former Peace Corps volunteer who returned to teach at the Navajo reservation, told the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Education that the principal of her BIA school habitually made statements such as "All Navajos are brain-damaged," and "Navajo culture belongs in a museum."

The results of the Indian's education, whether it be supervised by the BIA or by the public school system, indicates how greatly the system fails him. Twenty per cent of all Indian men have less than five years of schooling. According to a recent report to the Carnegie Foundation, there is a 60 per cent drop-out rate among Indian children as a whole, and those who do manage to stay in school fall further behind the longer they attend. A study of the Stewart Institute in Carson City, Nevada, for instance, shows that Indian sixth graders score 5.2 on the California Achievement Test. Six years later, at graduation, their achievement level is 8.4.

In a strange sense, the Indian student's education does prepare him for what lies ahead. What it teaches him is that he is powerless and inferior, and that he was destined to be so when he was born an Indian. Having spent his youth being managed

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and manhandled, the Indian is accustomed to the notion that his business must be taken care of for him. He is thus ideally equipped to stand by and watch the BIA collect mortgages on his future.

> "*We should test our thinking against the thinking of the wisest Indians and their friends, [but] this does not mean that we are going to let, as someone put it, Indian people themselves decide what the policy should be.*"
>
> —STUART UDALL

THE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA have more than their share of troubles—in part because they never received an adequate land base by government treaty. They are scattered up and down the state on reservations which are rarely larger than 10,000 acres and on rancherias as small as one acre. It takes a special determination to find these Indians, for most of them live in backwoods shacks, hidden from view as well as from water and electricity.

They have to struggle for every bit of federal service they get; disservice, however, comes easy. In 1969 the only irrigation money the BIA spent in all of Southern California, where water is an especially precious commodity to the Indians, was not for an Indian at all, but for a white farmer who had bought an Indian's land on the Pala reservation. The BIA spent $2500—of money appropriated by Congress for the Indians—to run a 900-foot pipeline to this white man's land. The Indians at Pala have been asking for irrigation lines for years, but less than one-half of their lands have them.

At the Resighini rancheria, a 228-acre reservation in Northern California, the Simpson Timber Company had been paying the Indians 25 cents per 1000 feet for the lumber it transported across their land. The total paid to the Indians in 1964 was $4725, and the right of way was increasing in value every year. Then the BIA, acting without warning, sold the right of way outright to Simpson Timber Company for $2500, or something less than one-half its yearly value.

The tiny Agua Caliente band of Indians sits on top of some of the most valuable land in the country: over 600 acres in the heart of Palm Springs. In the late '50s, the BIA, reacting to pressure from developers, obligingly transferred its jurisdiction over the Agua Caliente to a judge of the State Superior Court in the Palm Springs area who appointed "conservators" and "guardians" to make sure that the Indians would not be swindled as development took place. Ten years later, in 1967, a Riverside Press Enterprise reporter wrote a devastating series of articles showing the incredible fees collected for "protecting" the Agua Calientes. One conservator collected a fee of $9000 from his Indian's $9170 bank account; an Indian minor wound up with $3000 out of a $23,000 income, his guardian taking the rest. The "abdication of responsibility" with which the BIA was charged is surely a mild description of what happened to the Agua Calientes, who are supposedly the "richest Indians in the world" living on what is regarded as "an ermine-lined reservation."

The Indian Claims Commission was set up in the 1940's to compensate tribes for the lands stolen during the period of white conquest. In the California claims award of 1964, the Indians were given 47 cents an acre, based on the land's fair market value in 1851. The total sum, $29 million, less "offsets" for the BIA's services over the years, still has not been distributed. When it is, the per capita payout will come to about $600, and the poorest Indians in the state, will have to go off welfare to spend it. The BIA opposed an amendment to the Claims Award which would have exempted this money in determining welfare eligibility. The BIA testified that such an amendment constituted preferential treatment, and that it had been struggling for years to get *equal* treatment for the Indian. The amendment failed, and California's Indians will have to pay for a few months bread and rent with the money they are getting in return for the land that was taken from them.

Cases such as these exist in every state where Indian people live. If the Indian is the Vanishing American, it is the BIA's magic which makes him so. California Indians are fortunate only in one respect: they have an OEO-funded legal rights organization, the California Indian Legal Services, which attempts to minimize the depredations. Most Indians have no one to protect them from the agency which is supposed to be their advocate.

> "*Once we were happy in our own country and we were seldom hungry, for then the two-leggeds and the four-leggeds lived together like relatives, and there was plenty for them and for us. But the Wasichus [white men] came, and they have made little islands for us . . . and always these islands are becoming smaller, for around them surges the gnawing flood of the Wasichu; and it is dirty with lies and greed. . . .*"
>
> —BLACK ELK, AN OGLALA HOLY MAN

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE Fort Hall reservation, where La Nada Means grew up, there is a plaque which commemorates the appearance in 1834 of the first white traders and indicates that the Hudson Bay Company later acquired the Fort and made it into an important stopover on the Oregon Trail. But other aspects of the history of Fort Hall are left unmentioned. It is not noted, for instance, that by the time a formal treaty was signed with the Bannock and Northern Shoshone in 1868, the whites who settled this part of Southern Idaho were paying between $25 and $100 for a good Indian scalp.

Today, the approximately 2800 Shoshone-Bannocks live on the 520,000-acre reservation, all that remains of the 1.8 million acres of their land which the treaty originally set aside for their ancestors to keep. The largest single reduction came in 1900, when the government took over 416,000 acres, paying the Indians a little more than $1 an acre for the land. As late as the beginning of World War II, the government took over another 3000 acres to make an airfield. It paid the Indians $10 an acre; after the war, it deeded the land to the city of Pocatello for $1 an acre, for use as a municipal airport. Each acre is now worth $500.

But the big problem on the Fort Hall reservation today is not the loss of large sections of land; rather it is the slow and steady attrition of Indian holdings and their absolute powerlessness to do anything about it. In 1887, the Dawes Allotment Act was passed as a major piece of "progressive" Indian legislation, providing for the break-up of community held reservation land so that each individual Indian would receive his plot of irrigable farming land and some grazing land. The federal government would still hold the land in trust, so it could be sold only with BIA approval, the assumption being that an individual holding would give the Indian incentive to be a farmer and thus ease him into American agricultural patterns.

Photograph by Stephen Shames/Photon West

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Fort Hall shows that the law had quite different effects.

Today, some of these original allotments are owned by anywhere from two to 40 heirs. Because of the complexity of kinship relationships, some Indian people own fractional interests in several of these "heirship lands" but have no ground that is all their own. These lands are one of the symbols of the ambiguity and inertia that rule at Fort Hall. As Edward Boyer, a former chairman of the tribal council, says, "Some of the people, they might want to exchange interests in the land or buy some of the other heirs out so they can have a piece of ground to build a house on and do some farming. Also, a lot of us would like the tribe to buy these lands up and then assign them to the young people who don't have any place of their own. But the BIA has this policy of leasing out these lands to the white farmers. A lot of the time the owners don't even know about it."

The BIA at Fort Hall doesn't like the idea of any Indian lands laying idle. And the land is rich, some of the best potato-growing land there is. Its value and its yield are increasing every year. Driving through the reservation, you can't avoid being struck by the green symmetry of the long cultivated rows and by the efficiency of the army of men and machinery working them. The only trouble is that the men are white, and the profits from Fort Hall's rich land all flow out of the Indian community. The BIA is like any technocracy: it is more interested in "efficient" use than in proper use. The most "efficient" way for Fort Hall's lands to be used is by white industrialist-farmers with capital. Thus the pattern has been established: white lessees using Indian land, irrigating with Indian water, and then harvesting with bracero workers.

All leases must be approved by the BIA Superintendent's office; they may be and are given without the consent of the Indians who own the land. The BIA has also allowed white lessees to seek "consents" from the Indians, which in effect provide for blank leases, the specific terms to be filled in later on. The BIA authorizes extremely long leases of the land. This leads to what a recent field study of Fort Hall, conducted by the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Education, calls "small fortunes" for white developers: "One non-Indian in 1964 leased a large tract of Indian land for 13 years at $.30-$.50/acre/year. While the lease did stipulate that once the lessee installed sprinkler irrigation the annual rent would rise to $1.50-$2.00/acre, Indians in 1968 could have demanded $20-$30 for such land. Meanwhile, the independent University Agriculture Extension Service estimates that such potato operations bring the non-Indian lessee an annual *net* profit of $200 per acre." In addition, these leases are usually given by the BIA on a non-competitive, non-bidding basis to assure "the good will of the surrounding community." Fort Hall has rich and loamy land, but Indian people now work less than 17 per cent of it themselves and the figure is declining.

The power of white farmer-developers and businessmen within the local Bureau of Indian Affairs office is a sore point with most people at Fort Hall. They have rich lands, but theirs is one of the poorest reservations. They are told that much revenue comes both to the tribe and to individuals as a result of the BIA farm and mine leasing program, yet they know that if all the revenues were divided up the yield would be about $300 per capita a year. But for some of them, men like Joseph "Frank" Thorpe, Jr., the question of farming and mining leases is academic. Thorpe was a successful cattleman until BIA policies cut down the herds; now he is in the business of letting other people's cattle graze on his land.

Livestock are something of a fixation with Thorpe. He comes from a people who were proud horsemen, and he owns an Apaloosa mare and a couple of other horses. As he drives over the reservation, he often stops to look at others' cattle. In the basement of his home are several scrapbooks filled with documents tracing the destruction of the cattle business at Fort Hall. There is a yellowing clipping from the Salt Lake City Tribune of November 4, 1950, which says: "Fort Hall Indians have been more successful in cattle raising than any other activity. Theirs is the oldest Indian Cattleman's Association in the country. Association members raise more than 10,000 head of purebred herefords, and plan gradually to increase the herd. . . ." That was how it was 20 years ago. Thorpe, just back from war-time duty with the Marines, worked his herd and provided jobs for many of his kinsmen; the future was promising. Yet by 1958, there were only 3000 head of Indian owned cattle left, and today there are only ten families still involved in full-time cattle operation.

"Around the early '50s," Thorpe says, "the BIA decided that the Indians who'd been using tribal grazing lands without paying a grazing fee were going to be charged. The BIA also made us cattle people set up a sinking fund to pay grazing fees in advance. The bills just got higher and higher, and pretty soon we found we had to start selling off our seed stock to pay them."

Less than 30 per cent of all Fort Hall Indians are permanently employed today. Men like Frank Thorpe once had a going business that harked back to the old times and also provided jobs on the reservation. The BIA had decided that the best use for Fort Hall land was farming; it removed the Indians' cattle from trust status, which meant they could be sold, and began the accelerated program of leasing Indian lands to whites that is still in effect today.

Thorpe spends a good deal of time driving his dust-covered station wagon along the reservation's unpaved roads. A former tribal chairman, he spends much time checking up on the BIA and trying to function as a sort of ombudsman. He drives slowly down the dirt highways where magpies pick at the remains of rabbits slaughtered by cars. He points out where white farmers have begun to crop-dust their leased fields from airplanes. "The game, rabbits and pheasants and all, is disappearing," he says. "Our Indian people here rely on them for food, but the animals are dying out because of the sprays. And sometimes our kids get real sick. These sprays, they drift over and get in the swimming holes. The kids get real bad coughs and sometimes rashes all over their bodies."

Near the BIA agency office on the reservation sits a squat, weathered concrete building. "That's the old blouse factory," he says. "The BIA cooked up this deal where some outfit from Salt Lake City came in here to start a garment plant. The tribe put up the money for the factory, about $30,000, and in return the Salt Lake people were going to hire Indians and train them to sew. It lasted for about a year, and now we've still got the building. The last few years, they've used it to store the government surplus food that a lot of Indians get."

The old blouse factory is one symbol of the despair that has seized Fort Hall. Thorpe points out another one nearby. It is known as a "holding center," and it is a place for Fort Hall Indians who are suspected of being suicidal. The reservation

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has one of the highest suicide rates in the nation. Last year there were 35 attempts, mostly among the 18-25 age group. Many of them occurred in the nearby Blackfoot City Jail.

Blackfoot town authorities, embarrassed by the number of Indian suicides which have occurred in their jail, now use the holding facility at Fort Hall. It is headed by John Bopp, a former Navy man who is the public health officer on the reservation. "I guess kids here just feel that their future is cut off," he says. "A lot of them are dropouts and rejects from schools. They look around and see their elders pretty downtrodden. They get angry, but the only thing they can do is take it out on themselves. From reading some of their suicide notes, I'd say that they see it as an honorable way out of a bad situation."

"The young people," says Thorpe, "they're our only hope. They've got to clean things up here. But a lot of our young guys, they've just given up." The human resources at Fort Hall, like the land, seem to be slipping away. The best interpretation that could be placed on the BIA's role in it all is to use the words of a teacher at nearby Idaho State College who says that they are "guardians of the poorhouse."

THERE ARE OTHER RESERVATIONS that seem to be in better shape. One is the mammoth Navajo reservation, whose 25,000 square miles reach into portions of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado. On the one hand, it too is a place of despair: many of the 120,000 Navajos live in shocking poverty, doing a little subsistence farming and sheep-raising, suffering severe discrimination when they go outside the reservation for a job, and being preyed upon by the white traders and the exotic diseases which infest the reservation. But it is also a place of hope: Navajoland is rich in resources—coal, oil, uranium, and other minerals—and the tribe gets about $30 million a year from rents and royalties. While this would come to less than $1000 a year if distributed to each family, the Navajos have tried, and to some extent succeeded, in using it as seed money to begin a small but growing series of tribal industries—a sawmill, a handcrafts center, a tourist motel—which provide valuable jobs and income organized around the tribal community.

Private enterprise has also come onto the reservation, epitomized by the large Fairchild Industries plant. There has been much discussion of giving tax incentives to get industry to locate on reservations all over the country, but in general little has come of it. Of an estimated 10,000 jobs opened up by industries on Indian lands, more than half of them have been filled by whites. On the Navajo reservation, however, the tribe has seen to it that practically all the employees hired are Indian, and it seems like a good beginning. Everything there, in fact, appears to be on the upswing; the Navajos seem to be the one tribe that is beginning to solve its problems. This, however, is an oversimplification.

As far as private enterprise is concerned, the plants are mainly defense-oriented: they use federal money for job training and then work on a cost-plus basis. In effect, the government is underwriting private profit, when the same money could have gone into setting up community businesses. The Navajos do get about 1000 jobs, but they are generally low-paying and are given to women, thus destroying the ecology of the Indian family.

Roughly the same thing applies to the rapid development of their natural resources. The way in which these resources are exploited—be it strip-mining or otherwise—depends on the desires of the businesses exploiting them, not on what the Navajos want or need. One result is that the Navajos have no way of planning the development of resources for their own future needs as a community. Navajos get royalties, but private concerns off the reservation get the profits (as well as the depletion allowances, though it is Navajo resources which are being depleted). Indian people have often brought up the possibility of joint economic development of their reservation with the help of private firms. This is always rejected by the BIA, which has an age-old bias against "socialistic" tribal enterprise as well as a very contemporary regard for big business.

The Navajos are seemingly doing well, but their environment is in the hands of others who are interested only in revenue, and not in the Indians' future. The Navajos are thankful, however, for short-term gains, which most tribes don't have; and they have no choice but to leave tomorrow up to the BIA. As anthropologist David Aberle has pointed out, "Let us suppose that we cut a cross-section through the reservation territory . . . and make a rapid-motion picture of the flow of population, money and resources. . . . We would see oil, helium, coal, uranium, and vanadium draining off into the surrounding economy; we would see rents and royalties flowing into the tribal treasury, but, of course, major profits accruing to the corporations exploiting the reservation. We would see the slow development of roads, water for stock and drinking, government facilities, and so forth, and a flow of welfare funds coming in, to go out again via the trader. The net flow of many physical resources would be outward; the flow of profits would be outward; and the only major increases to be seen would be population, with a minor increment in physical facilities and consumer goods. This is the picture of a colony."

The BIA is an easy organization to whip. Its abuses are flagrant, and the Indians it is charged with protecting are in great jeopardy. But if places like the Navajo reservation resemble a colony, the BIA is no more than a corps of colonial officers whose role is not to make policy but rather to carry it out. It is impossible not to feel that the Bureau itself has, over the years, taken on the most outstanding feature of the Indians it administers: their utter lack of power. It could make life on the reservation less complicated and cruel and establish some provisions for the Indians' cultural future, but it could never solve the larger issues that lie behind federal Indian policy. The BIA is only a unit within the Department of Interior, and not a very important one at that—certainly nothing like the powerful Bureaus of Land Management and Reclamation. It is the Department of Interior itself which is involved in the big power moves in Indian affairs. As trustees both for the Indians' private trust lands and for public trust lands, it is involved in an irremediable conflict of interest which it solves by taking from the red man's vanishing domains.

> "*It can be said without overstatement that when the Indians were put on these reservations they were not considered to be located in the most desirable area of the Nation. It is impossible to believe that when Congress created the great Colorado River Indian reservation . . . they were unaware that most of the lands were of the desert kind—hot, scorch-*

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ing sands—and that water from the river would be essential to the life of the Indian people...."—CALIFORNIA VS ARIZONA

THE NAVAJO RESERVATION is mainly arid, and alkaline deposits gather at the foot of the small hills like snowdrifts. Here, as on other reservations, water is a precious asset, and groundwater is minimal. And when the tribal council recently almost gave away the Navajo's rights to the Colorado River, it didn't do so willingly or with forethought; it was conned.

The population of the Colorado River Basin has exploded during this century, and there has been much feuding among the various states over water. The 1922 Colorado River Compact apportioned the Colorado River water between the Upper Basin states (Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico and Arizona) and those of the Lower Basin (California, Nevada, and again, Arizona). After the Supreme Court water decision of 1963, Arizona conceived an ingenious plan to use the water it had been allotted: the annual 50,000 acre-feet of Upper Basin it had been awarded would be used for power to pump its Lower Basin water (2.8 million acre-feet per year), into the gigantic Central Arizona Project, thus irrigating much of the state and providing for its industrial development. The only thing standing in the way of this plan was the Navajos.

Water rights are one of the few Indian prerogatives laid out in clear judicial terms. They are considered an intrinsic part of the reservation the Indians occupy, and the so-called Winters Doctrine, most recently validated in *California vs. Arizona*, specifies that Indians have priority in the use of waters adjacent to, surrounding, or underneath their land, and that upstream and downstream non-Indian users can have only that which is left over after Indian needs are fulfilled. These rights are guaranteed, and not subject to some "use it or lose it" free for all.

The Navajos have never yet asserted a claim to the Colorado River because their underdevelopment has not required it. But if and when they do, most water lawyers feel that their award could be very large, especially since a much smaller group of Indian tribes on the lower Colorado was awarded one million annual acre-feet in 1963 in *California vs Arizona*. The Navajos could, in fact, probably get enough of the Colorado to turn their reservation into an oasis. For this reason, and because their potential rights could destroy Arizona's plan for using the water it had been awarded (not to mention the whole basis for the apportionment of water among the Upper and Lower basin states), the Navajo tribal council was persuaded, in December 1968, to waive virtually all rights to the River "for the lifetime of the [pumping] plant, or for the next 50 years, whichever occurs first." In return for passing this resolution, the council received some minor considerations, including a $125,000 grant for its new Navajo Community College. The deal was presented casually as an administrative courtesy with adequate compensation, and the tribe was not aware of what lay behind it.

Actually, the Navajos were caught in the middle of some high level maneuvers. Wayne Aspinal, congressman from Colorado and chairman of the House Subcommittee on Interior and Insular Affairs, had made it clear to the Department of Interior that he would kill legislation funding the Central Arizona Project unless this waiver of the Navajos' Upper Basin Claim—which could affect his own state—was obtained. By the same token, then Secretary of the Interior Stuart Udall was committed to the Central Arizona Project which, among other things, would benefit his own home state. Thus it was he who had the resolution drafted and sent to the tribal council via the local BIA superintendent's office.

All of this would probably have gone unchallenged, perhaps to be discovered several years later, if it hadn't been for the OEO-funded legal rights organization on the reservation. This group, the DNA (the acronym derived from the Navajo phrase meaning "economic revitalization of the people"), has been a constant irritation to those who are accustomed to raiding Navajo resources, and it has earned both a large grass-roots following and the enmity of the BIA-influenced tribal hierarchy. The DNA found out about the politics behind the waiver last Spring, documented its implication for the Navajos' future, and by early summer was able to persuade the tribal council to rescind its resolution.

The Fort Mojaves of California are currently involved in another fight related to the Colorado River. They have learned, over the last few months, the truth of the maxim widely quoted in California parapolitics: "Water is the name of the game." The Fort Mojaves woke up one morning to find that the State of California, working in concert with the Interior Department's Bureau of Land Management, had swindled them out of 1500 acres of invaluable river frontage.

The state had had its eyes on this acreage for many years. It first tried to grab it in 1910, using provisions of the Swamp and Overflow Act of 1850 (which allows swampland created by a river to be placed under state jurisdiction). This initial attempt failed, as did others over the years. Then, early in 1967, the state, supported by the Bureau of Land management, finally succeeded in obtaining the land, again citing the Swamp and Overflow Act because its regular powers of eminent domain did not apply to tribal land. The Mojaves didn't even know that hearings on the matter were taking place; they found out that their land had been confiscated only several months afterward, and then it was by accident.

The acreage claimed by California is clearly too high to have ever been a swamp. Moreover, in 1850 when the Swamp and Overflow Act applied, the wild Colorado River's course ran nowhere near the 1500 supposedly swampy acres, having been "channelized" into its present regular course only in the early 1940's. Independent hydrologists' studies have proven conclusively that the contested area was never part of the river bed.

The state is driven to assert fraudulent claims to land in this apparently low-value desert area, just as Interior is bound to back them up, because of their fear that the Mojaves will develop the area. Private developers are eager to come in: they feel that the Colorado River area will become invaluable, especially as Southern California's population spills outward in search of recreation space. Indian water rights are the prime water rights and developers know that even if there is a water shortage, the Indians will get their allotment first because of the Winters Doctrine, spelled out in *California vs. Arizona*.

The state of California and the Bureau of Land Management, reacting to pressure from the powerful Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, do not want this development to take place, even though it is a key to the Indians' future survival. They fear a water shortage and they are fighting it in the easiest way—by confiscating the prior water rights attached to Indian land out of the Indians' hands.

Photograph by Alan Katowitz

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"The Earth is our Mother, and we cannot sell our Mother."
—IROQUOIS SAYING

BEHIND THE MACHINATIONS of the BIA and the grander larcenies of the Department of Interior stands the Indians' final enemy, that vague sense of doom called federal policy. It has always been sinister, and no less so today than in the days when Indian tribes were nearly annihilated by the white man's gifts of blankets saturated in smallpox. The current mode of attack began in the 1950's, with by far the most ominous title in the lexicon of Indian affairs: termination. Its objectives were stated innocuously in a 1953 act of Congress: "It is the policy of Congress, as rapidly as possible to make the Indians within the United States subject to the same privileges and responsibilities as are applicable to other citizens of the United States, to end their status as wards of the United States, and to grant them all of the rights and prerogatives pertaining to American citizenship. . . ." Cultural assassination always comes cloaked in such altruisms, and the crucial phrase, "to end their status as wards of the United States," was neatly circumscribed by florid rhetoric. But that phrase was the heart of the resolution, and its impact was disastrous.

Over the last two decades, the Indian has learned that he must fear most those who want to eliminate the Bureau of Indian Affairs and who make pompous statements about it being time *"for this country to get out of the Indian business."* A hundred and fifty years ago, perhaps, attaining such equilibrium with the red man would have been laudable; but America got into the Indian business for good when it stole a continent and put its inhabitants in land-locked jails. While the Indian knows that the BIA works against him most of the time, he also realizes its symbolic value as the embodiment of promises made in the treaties which secure his land and culture. Indian people and lands have been, and continue to be, terribly damaged by their relationship to the federal government. But their federal trust status guarantees their Indian-ness. And if it is terminated, they know there will be nothing left to mismanage.

The reservations which were actually terminated as a result of this sudden shift in federal policy in the '50s provide ample warning. The Minominees of Wisconsin, for instance, whose termination began in 1954 and was completed in 1961, had a stable pattern of life which was destroyed. They owned a thriving tribally-run sawmill. They had a hospital and other community services; they had a fairly large tribal bank account. Then came termination, which made the Minominees citizens of Wisconsin and nothing more. The hospital had to close down because it didn't meet state standards; the tribal bank account was doled out to the tribesmen in per capita payments, which were quickly dissipated. The sawmill became a corporation and floundered because of mismanagement, thereby no longer providing the Minominees with jobs. The Indians were supposed to become just like everyone else in Wisconsin, but today they still stand apart as among the poorest people in the state. Much of their land, which was not taxable when held in trust, has been sold at forced auctions to make up defaulted state property taxes.

Another classic case of termination is that of the Klamaths of Oregon. As part of the proceedings in 1954, their richly-forested reservation was sold off and the receipts distributed equally among enrolled members of the tribe. The payout came to over $40,000 per person, and even before it was made the predators began to descend, offering high-interest loans and a treasure house of consumer goods. A few years after termination was accomplished, many of the Klamaths were destitute and on welfare; they had no land left, no money and no future. As one member of the tribe said, "My grandchildren won't have anything, not even the right to call themselves Indian."

Because of the disasters it caused, termination is now "voluntary," although the Congressional resolution which authorized it has yet to be rescinded. Temporarily, at least, it has taken a backseat to the New Frontierish strategies like luring private enterprise onto the reservation and allocating meager OEO funds. However, today there are still tribes in the process of termination—several small ones in California and the Colvilles of Washington—and no attempt is made to stop the misinformation given Indians about the benefits that will result from such an option. Nor will termination ever disappear for good until Indians hold in their own hands the life and death powers over their communities which others now wield. Every time an Indian is "successfully" relocated in a city far from his people, it is a kind of termination, as it is when a plot of ground or the rights to water slip out of his hands. It is not necessary for Indian people to have Secretary of Interior Hickel tell them that they should "cut the cord" that binds them to their reservation, to know that termination exists as the final solution to the Indian Problem.

"He is dispossessed in life, and unforgiving. He doesn't believe in us and our civilization, and so he is our mystic enemy, for we push him off the face of the earth."
—D. H. LAWRENCE

STRANGLED IN BUREAUCRACY, swindled out of lands, forcibly alienated from his own culture, the Indian continues to be victimized by the white man's symbolism: he has been both loved and hated to death. On the one hand, the white looked out at him from his own constricted universe of acquisition and grasping egocentrism and saw a Noble Savage, an innocent at peace with his world. Here was a relic of a better time, to be protected and preserved. But on the other hand the white saw an uncivilized creature possessing, but not exploiting, great riches; the vision was conjured up of the Murdering Redskin whose bestiality provided the justification for wiping him out and taking his land. The Indian's "plight" has always inspired recurrent orgies of remorse, but never has it forced us to digest the implications of a nation and culture conceived in genocide. We act as if the blood-debt of the past cannot be canceled until the Indian has no future; the guiltier he has made us, the more frantic have been the attempts to make him disappear.

Yet, having paid out almost everything he has, the Indian has survived the long exercise in white schizophrenia. And there are some, like Hopi mystic Thomas Banyaka, who give out prophecies that the red man will still be here long after whites have been destroyed in a holocaust of their own making.

Those wishing to support the occupation of Alcatraz may do so by sending checks payable to "Alcatraz Relief Fund," 3189 16th Street, San Francisco, California 94110.

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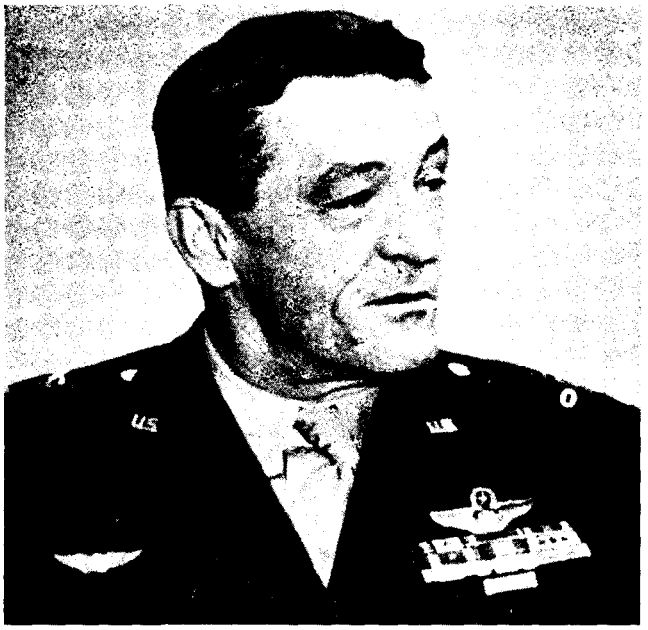
Air America: Flying the U.S. into Laos



IN THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE 1968 presidential campaign, the Democrats made an eleventh-hour bid for the presidency through a White House announcement that all bombing in North Viet-Nam was being stopped and that serious peace negotiations were about to begin. This move was apparently torpedoed within 30 hours by President Thieu of South Viet-Nam who publicly rejected the coming negotiations. Three days later, the Democratic candidate lost to Richard Nixon by a narrow margin.

After the election, it was revealed that a major Nixon fund raiser and supporter had engaged in elaborate machinations in Saigon (including false assurances that Nixon would not enter into such negotiations if elected) to sabotage the Democrats' plan. It was also revealed that, through wire taps, the White House and Humphrey knew of these maneuvers *before* the election and that a heated debate had gone on among Humphrey strategists as to whether the candidate should exploit the discovery in the last moments of the campaign. Humphrey declined to seize the opportunity, he said, because he was sure that Nixon was unaware of and did not approve of the activities of his supporter in Saigon.

The supporter in question was Madame Anna Chennault, and her covert intervention into the highest affairs of state was by no means an unprecedented act for her and her associates. Madame Chennault's husband, General Claire Chennault, had fought in China with Chiang Kai-shek; after the war he formed a private airline company. Both husband and wife have, through their involvement with the China Lobby and the CIA's complex of private corporations, played a profound role throughout our involvement in Southeast Asia. General Chennault's airline was, for example, employed by the U.S. government in 1954 to fly in support for the French at Dien Bien Phu. It was also a key factor in the new fighting which had begun in Laos in 1959; moreover, it appears that President Eisenhower was not informed and did not know when his office and authority were being committed in the Laotian conflict, just as Nixon did not know of the intrigue of Mme. Chennault. But that is precisely the point of parapolitics and private war enterprise.

In its evasion of Congressional and even Executive controls over military commitments in Laos and elsewhere, the CIA has long relied on the services of General Chennault's "private" paramilitary arm, Civil Air Transport or (as it is now known) Air America, Inc.

[HOW AIR AMERICA WAGES WAR]

AIR AMERICA'S FLEETS OF TRANSPORT planes are readily seen in the airports of Laos, South Viet-Nam, Thailand and Taiwan. The company is based in Taiwan, where a subsidiary firm, Air Asia, with some 8000 employees, runs one of the world's largest aircraft maintenance and repair facilities. While not all of Air America's operations are paramilitary or even covert, in Viet-Nam and even more in Laos, it is the chief airline serving the CIA in its clandestine war activities.

Until recently the largest of these operations was the supply of the fortified hilltop positions of the 45,000 Meo tribesmen fighting against the Pathet Lao behind their lines in northeast Laos. Most of these Meo outposts have airstrips that will accommodate special Short Take-off And Landing aircraft, but because of the danger of enemy fire the American and Nationalist Chinese crews have usually relied on parachute drops of guns, mortars, ammunition, rice, even live chickens and pigs. Air America's planes also serve to transport the Meos' main cash crop, opium.

The Meo units, originally organized and trained by the French, have provided a good indigenous army for the Americans in Laos. Together with their CIA and U.S. Special Forces "advisors," the Meos have long been used to harass Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese supply lines. More recently they have engaged in conventional battles in which they have been transported by Air America's planes and helicopters (New York Times, October 29, 1969). The Meos also defended, until its capture in 1968, the key U.S. radar installation at Pathi near the North Vietnamese border; the station had been used in the bombing of North Viet-Nam.

Further south in Laos, Air America flies out of the CIA operations headquarters at Pakse, from which it reportedly supplies an isolated U.S. Army camp at Attapu in the southeast, as well as the U.S. and South Vietnamese Special Forces operations in the same region (San Francisco Chronicle, October 15, 1969). Originally the chief purpose of these activities was to observe and harass the Ho Chi Minh trail, but recently the fighting in the Laotian panhandle, as elsewhere in the country, has expanded into a general air and ground war. Air America planes are reported to be flying arms, supplies and reinforcements in this larger campaign as well (New York Times, September 18, 1969).

by Peter Dale Scott

Photograph of General Claire Chennault by Black Star

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Ostensibly, Air America's planes are only in the business of charter airlift. Before 1968, when the U.S. Air Force transferred its operations from North Viet-Nam to Laos, air combat operations were largely reserved for "Laotian" planes; but it has been suggested that at least some of these operated out of Thailand with American, Thai, or Nationalist Chinese pilots hired through Air America. In addition, many of Air America's pilots and ground crews have been trained for intelligence or "special" missions: a reporter in 1964 was amused to encounter American ground crews whose accents and culture were unmistakably Ivy League. And for years Air America's pilots have flown in a combat support role. As early as April 1961, when U.S. "advisors" are first known to have guided the Laotian army in combat, Air America's pilots flew the troops into battle in transports and in helicopters supplied by the U.S. Marines.

The 1962 Geneva Agreements on Laos prohibit both "foreign paramilitary formations" and "foreign civilians connected with the supply, maintenance, storing and utilization of war materials"; Air America's presence would appear to constitute a violation under either category. In calling Air America a paramilitary auxiliary arm, however, it should be stressed that its primary function is logistical: not so much to make war, as to make war possible.

[THE EARLY HISTORY OF AIR AMERICA]

TO UNDERSTAND THE COMPLEX OPERATIONS of Air America, one must go back to 1941 and the establishment of the "Flying Tigers" or American Volunteer Group (AVG), General Claire Chennault's private air force in support of Chiang Kai-shek against the Japanese. At that time President Roosevelt wished to aid Chiang and he also wanted American reserve pilots from the three services to gain combat experience; but America was not yet at war and the Neutrality Act forbade the service of active or reserve personnel in foreign wars. The solution was a legal fiction, worked out by Chennault's "Washington squadron," which included Roosevelt's "Brain Truster" lawyer, Thomas G. Corcoran, and the young columnist Joseph Alsop. Chennault would visit bases to recruit pilots for the "Central Aircraft Manufacturing Company, Federal, Inc.," (CAMCO), a corporation wholly owned by William Pawley, a former salesman for the old aircraft producer Curtiss-Wright, Inc. and head of Pan American's subsidiary in China. According to their contracts, the pilots were merely to engage in "the manufacture, operation, and repair of airplanes" in China; but Chennault explained to them orally that they were going off to fly and to fight a war.

In theory, the whole contract was to be paid for by the Chinese Government; in practice the funds were supplied by the United States Government through Lend-Lease. The operation was highly profitable to both of Pawley's former employers. Curtiss-Wright was able to unload 100 P-40 pursuit planes, which even the hard-pressed British had just rejected as "obsolescent." Pawley nearly wrecked the whole deal by insisting on a 10 per cent agent's commission, or $450,000, on the Curtiss sale. Treasury Secretary Morgenthau protested, but was persuaded by the Chinese to approve a payment of $250,000. For its part, Pan Am's Chinese subsidiary was later able to use many of Chennault's pilots in the lucrative charter airlift operations over the "hump" to Chungking.

It was agreed that Pawley's new CAMCO Corporation could not take American pilots into the private war business without presidential authorization, and there was some delay in getting this approval. But on April 15, 1941, Roosevelt signed an Executive Order authorizing the enlistment of U.S. reserve officers and men in the AVG-Flying Tigers. Thus CAMCO became a precedent for the establishment of a private war corporation by government decision. It does not appear, however, that the CIA was quite so fastidious about obtaining presidential approval in the postwar period.

After the war Chennault saw that a fortune could be made by obtaining contracts for the airlift of American relief supplies in China. Through Corcoran's connections—and despite much opposition—the relief agency UNRRA supplied Chennault not only with the contracts but also with the planes at bargain prices as well as with a loan to pay for them. One of Corcoran's connections, Whiting Willauer, promptly became Chennault's Number Two man. With the generous financing of the American taxpayers, Chennault and Willauer needed only a million dollars to set up a new airline, Civil Air Transport (CAT), the forerunner of Air America. According to The Reporter, CAT was originally bankrolled by T. V. Soong, then Chaing's ambassador to the U.S., whose personal holdings in the United States—after administering Chinese Lend-Lease, were reported to have reached $47,000,000 by 1944. There is no sign that the Soong interest in the CAT-Air America complex has ever been brought out.

The World War was over, but the Chinese Revolution was not. CAT, established for relief flights, was soon flying military airlifts to besieged Nationalist cities, often using the old Flying Tigers as pilots. Chennault himself spent a great deal of time in Washington with Corcoran, Senator William Knowland and other members of the Soong-financed China Lobby: he campaigned in vain for a $700,000,000 aid program to Chiang, half of which would have been earmarked for military airlift.

After the establishment of the Chinese People's Republic in October 1949, Truman and the State Department moved to abandon the Chiang clique and to disassociate themselves from the defense of Taiwan. By contrast, CAT chose to expand its parabusiness operations, appealing for more pilots "of proved loyalty."

To help secure Taiwan from invasion, Chennault and his partners put up personal notes of $4,750,000 to buy out China's civil air fleet, then grounded in Hong Kong. The avowed purpose of this "legal kidnapping" was less to acquire the planes than to deny them to the new government pending litigation. It is unclear exactly who backed Chennault financially in this critical maneuver (Soong denied that it was he). But it is known that shortly before the Korean war CAT was refinanced as a Delaware-based corporation by "a group of American businessmen and bankers." By the winter of 1950-'51 CAT was playing a key role in the airlift of supplies to Korea, and Chennault (according to his wife's memoirs) was into "a heavy intelligence assignment for the U.S. Government" (*A Thousand Springs*, p. 248).

[CHENNAULT'S AMBITION OF ROLLING BACK COMMUNISM]

CHENNAULT'S VISION FOR HIS airline was summed up in 1959, the year of CAT's entry into Laos, by his close friend and biographer, Robert Lee Scott: "Wherever CAT flies it proclaims to the world that

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somehow the men of Mao will be defeated and driven off the mainland, and all China will return to being free."

As late as March 1952, according to Stewart Alsop, the Truman Administration had failed to approve the "forward" policy against China then being proposed by John Foster Dulles (Saturday Evening Post, Dec. 13, 1958). Yet in a CIA operation in 1951, CAT planes were ferrying arms and possibly troops from Taiwan to some 12,000 of Chiang's soldiers who had fled into Burma. In his book, *To Move a Nation*, Roger Hilsman tells us that the troops, having been equipped by air, undertook a large-scale raid into China's Yunnan Province, but the raid was a "colossal failure." Later, in the "crisis" year 1959, some 3000 of the troops moved from Burma to Laos. On another CIA operation in 1952, a CAT plane dropped CIA agents John Downey and Richard Fecteau with a supply of arms for Nationalist guerrillas on the mainland.

In 1954 Chennault conducted a vigorous political campaign in support of a grandiose but detailed proposal whereby his old friends Chiang and Syngman Rhee would be unleashed together against the Chinese mainland with the support of a 470-man "International Volunteer Group" modeled after his old Flying Tigers. "Once Chiang unfurls his banner on the mainland," promised Chennault, "Mao will be blighted by spontaneous peasant uprisings and sabotage."

Chennault actually had a list of pilots and had located training sites for the Group in Central America, where his former partner Whiting Willauer, now U.S. ambassador to Honduras, was playing a key role in the CIA-organized deposition of Guatemalan President Arbenz. (Willauer was also one of the two chief officials responsible for the planning of the Bay of Pigs operation under the Eisenhower Administration.) Chennault's plan seems to have had CIA support. It was defeated however by opposition in the State Department, Pentagon, and Nationalist Chinese Air Force.

CAT, however, had by no means been idle. It flew 24 of the 29 C-119's dropping supplies for the French at Dien Bien Phu. The planes were on "loan" from the U.S. Air Force, and some of the "civilians" flying them were in fact U.S. military pilots. According to Bernard Fall, who flew in these planes, the pilots were "quietly attached to CAT to familiarize themselves with the area in case [as Dulles and Nixon hoped] of American air intervention on behalf of the French." (*Hell in a Very Small Place*, p. 241).

CAT's C-119's were serviced in Viet-Nam by 200 mechanics of the USAF 81st Air Service Unit. Five of these men were declared missing on June 18, 1954. Thus the CAT operation brought about the first official U.S. casualties in the Viet-Nam war. Senator John Stennis, fearful of a greater U.S. involvement, claimed the Defense Department had violated a "solemn promise" to have the unit removed by June 12.

From the passing of the 1954 Geneva Agreements until Chennault's death four years later, CAT seems to have played more of a waiting than an active paramilitary role. But CAT continued to train large numbers of Chinese mechanics at its huge Taiwan facility. As a right-wing eulogist observed in 1955, they were thus ready for service "if the Communists thrust at Formosa or Thailand or Southern Indochina... CAT has become a symbol of hope to all free Asia. Tomorrow the Far Eastern skies may redden with a new war and its loaded cargo carrier may roll down the runways once more" (Saturday Evening Post, Feb. 12, 1955, p. 101).

[ALSOP'S "INVASION": AIR AMERICA ENTERS INTO LAOS]

The Quemoy crises of 1954 and 1958 were generated in large part by a build-up of Chiang's troops on the offshore islands, from which battalion strength commando raids had been launched. While this build-up was encouraged by local military "advisors" and CIA personnel, it was officially disapproved by Washington. The crises generated new pressures in the Pentagon for bombing the mainland, but with their passage the likelihood of a U.S.-backed offensive seemed to recede decisively. United States intelligence officials later confirmed that the Soviet Union had disappointed China during the 1958 crisis by promising only defensive support. Some CIA officials concluded that the U.S. could therefore risk confrontation with impunity below China's southern border, since any response by China would only intensify the Sino-Soviet split. The fallacy of this reasoning was soon to be made apparent.

After Quemoy, Laos appeared to present the greatest likelihood of war in the Far East, though hardly because of any inherent aggressiveness in the Laotian people themselves. In 1958, the non-aligned government which had been established in Laos under Prince Souvanna Phouma appeared to be close to a neutralist reconciliation with the pro-Communist Pathet Lao. Fearful that this would lead to the absorption of Laos into the Communist bloc, the United States decided to intervene, and Souvanna Phouma was forced out of office on July 23, 1958, by a timely withholding of U.S. aid. Egged on by its American advisors, the succeeding government of Phoui Sananikone declared itself no longer bound by the provisions of the 1954 Geneva Agreements and moved swiftly toward a covert build-up of U.S. military aid, including non-uniformed "advisors." Even so, the CIA and the military were not satisfied with the new government, which the State Department had approved. As Hilsman and Schlesinger have revealed, the CIA organized a right-wing power base under General Phoumi Nosovan and made him a key figure in its subsequent scenarios.

CIA and Pentagon officials were now set upon a course, often opposed to that of the U.S. ambassador in Vientiane, which led to the further destabilization of Laos and hastened the growth of the Pathet Lao. The CIA's plotting on behalf of General Phoumi has therefore frequently been derided as self-defeating. This assumes, however, that the CIA's interest was confined to the rather amorphous internal politics of Laos; in fact the scope of its strategy is far wider.

In December 1958, both North Viet-Nam and Yunnan Province in southern China began to complain of over-flights by American or "Laotian" planes. These charges, which Arthur J. Dommen confirms, may refer in fact to "flights of American reconnaissance aircraft." (Dommen's excellent book, *Conflict in Laos*, was prepared with the aid of the Council on Foreign Relations, published by Praeger, and dedicated to one of the most notorious CIA agents in Taiwan and later in Laos, Robert Campbell James). Soon afterwards, Peking began to complain of U.S.-supplied Nationalist Chinese Special Forces camps in Yunnan Province.

By March 1959, according to Bernard Fall, "Some of the Nationalist Chinese guerrillas operating in the Shan states of neighboring Burma had crossed over into Laotian territory and were being supplied by an airlift of 'unknown planes.'" Laos was already beginning to be what it has since clearly

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become: a cockpit for international confrontation.

In 1959, following a government crackdown against the leaders and military forces of the Pathet Lao, the country saw an outbreak of sporadic fighting which General Phoumi quickly labeled a North Vietnamese "invasion." On August 23, the New York Times reported the arrival of two CAT transports in the Laotian capital, Vientiane. More transports arrived soon thereafter. On August 30, a "crisis" occurred which was to be used as a pretext for a permanent paramilitary airlift operation. (Also, sometime about this period, before September 30, 1959, CAT, Inc. changed its name to Air America, Inc.)

All through August, reports from three of Phoumi's generals created a minor war hysteria in the U.S. press, which depicted an invasion of Laos by five or more North Vietnamese battalions. At one point, when August rains washed out a bridge, the New York Times reported "Laos Insurgents Take Army Post Close to Capital," and speculated that they were trying to cut off Vientiane from the south. As for the August 30 "crisis," the Washington Post wrote that 3500 communist rebels, "including regular Vietminh troops, have captured 80 villages in a new attack in northern Laos." Much later, it was learned that in fact not 80 but three villages had been evacuated, after two of them had been briefly blanketed by 81-mm mortar fire at dawn on August 30. No infantry attack had been observed: the defending garrisons, as so often happened in Laos, had simply fled.

After it was all over, the Laotian government claimed only that it had lost 92 men during the period of the "invasion" crisis from July 16 to October 7, 1959; more than half of these deaths ("estimated at 50 killed") took place on August 30. A U.N. investigating team, after personal interviews, reduced the latter estimate from 50 to five. Further, as a RAND Corporation report for the U.S. Air Force concluded, "it is apparent that the Sananikone government precipitated the final crisis which led to war in Laos." No North Vietnamese invaders were ever discovered. Though the Laotians claimed at one point to have seven North Vietnamese prisoners, it was later admitted that these were deserters who had crossed over from North Viet-Nam in order to surrender.

Joseph Alsop, however, who had arrived in Laos just in time to report the events of August 30, wrote immediately of a "massive new attack on Laos" by "at least three and perhaps five new battalions of enemy troops from North Viet-Nam." In the next few days he would write of "aggression, as naked, as flagrant as a Soviet-East German attack on West Germany," noting that "the age-old process of Chinese expansion has begun again with a new explosive force." Unlike most reporters, Alsop could claim to have first-hand reports: on September 1 at the town of Sam Neua, he had seen the arrival on foot of survivors (one of whom had a "severe leg wound") from the mortared outposts. Bernard Fall, who was also in Laos and knew the area well, later called all of this "just so much nonsense," specifying that "a villager with a severe leg wound does not cover 45 miles in two days of march in the Laotian jungle." (*Street Without Joy*, p. 303). Alsop, by Fall's account, had been a willing witness to a charade staged for his benefit by two of Phoumi's generals.

As on many occasions between 1959 and 1964, Alsop's reports were to play an important role in shaping the Asian developments he described. The London Times drew attention to the stir his story created in Washington. Senator Dodd and others clamored vainly that in the light of the "invasion" Khrushchev's impending visit to America should be put off. Though this did not happen, there were three lasting consequences of the "great Laos fraud" of August 1959.

First, on August 26, the State Department announced that additional U.S. aid and personnel would be sent to Laos: thus the military support program was stepped up at a time when a congressional exposure of its scandals and futility had threatened to terminate it altogether. Second, reportedly under a Presidential Order dated September 4, CINCPAC Commander Harry D. Felt moved U.S. ground, sea and air forces into a more forward posture for possible action in Laos. (A signal corps unit is supposed to have been put into Laos at this time, the first U.S. field unit in Southeast Asia.) Third, the planes of Air America were moved into Laos to handle the stepped-up aid, and additional transports (over the approved 1954 levels) were given to the Laotian government. At the same time a Chennault-type "volunteer air force" of U.S. active and reserve officers ("America Fliers for Laos") was said by the Times to be negotiating a contract for operations "like those of the Flying Tigers."

The timing of these germinal decisions is intriguing. On the day of the aid announcement, August 26, Eisenhower had left for Europe at 3:20 in the morning to visit Western leaders before receiving Khrushchev in Washington. At a press conference on the eve of his departure, he professed ignorance about the details of the Laotian aid request, which had just been received that morning. He did, however, specify that the State Department had not yet declared the existence of an "invasion" (something it would do during his absence). The date of the "Presidential Order" on Laos, September 4, was the day allotted in Eisenhower's itinerary for a golf holiday at the secluded Culzean Castle in Scotland. According to his memoirs, which corroborate earlier press reports, "our stolen holiday was interrupted *the following morning* (i.e., September 5) by bad news from Laos." Eisenhower added, "My action *on return to the United States* was to approve increased aid to the pro-United States government" (emphasis added). He is silent about the troop movements he reportedly authorized.

Knowing this, one would like to learn why a U.S. response to an artificially-inflated "emergency" on August 30 was delayed until Eisenhower's virtual isolation five days later, even though it could not await his return to Washington three days after that. Once again it is the knowledgeable Joseph Alsop who supplies the corroborating details: "Communications are non-existent in little Laos. Hence word of the new 'invasion' took more than 48 hours to reach the commander of the Laotian Army, General Ouane Rathikoune. There was, of course, a further delay before the grave news reached Washington. Time also was needed to assess its significance."

Bernard Fall rejects this explanation: "The Laotian Army command . . . *did* know what went on in the border posts since it had radio communications with them." The Senate Foreign Relations Committee would do well to investigate the resulting possibility that the first U.S. field unit in Southeast Asia was put in by a combination of deliberate misrepresentation and evasion of proper presidential review. Washington columnist Marquis Childs reported soon after the "invasion" that: "A powerful drive is on within the upper bureaucracy of Defense and Intelligence to persuade President Eisenhower that he

(*Continued on page 52*)

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THIS IS A HISTORY BOOK. It is a true history of the Nineteen Sixties. Orthodox historians will say that they don't even understand the Twenties yet, let alone the Sixties. That's right, they don't. And they never will.

It is the thesis of this book that the Sixties were entirely staged. I do not mean that certain events in the Sixties were staged (the civil rights movement, Cuban missile crisis, Viet-Nam war, demonstrations, riots and assassinations). Of course they were, and everybody knows it. Nor do I mean that certain people and groups did some of the staging (CIA, SDS, Mafia, television networks, various politicians). Again, everybody knows and nobody cares.

No, when I speak of "The Staged Sixties" I mean a decade *entirely* staged down to the tiniest "accidental" details of timing, costumes, names of characters, etc. I am referring to the kind of really big-scale production which man once thought could be mounted only by the invisible God of the Jews.

Until 1968, in fact, it looked as if it actually was the showy, melodramatic God of Abraham who had produced the Sixties as a mighty comeback effort to regain the hearts and minds of America and the whole world. Look at the script. Act I: nice Negroes, nice Pope, nice President, nice Russians, we have our problems but everything is turning out nice. Act II: tragic assassination, tragic riots, tragic war, everything is turning out tragic. Act III (beginning in 1968): supreme anguish, to be followed by a surprise happy ending.

The "supreme anguish" at the beginning of Act III is the assassination of Bobby Kennedy.

Of course.

In a Los Angeles hotel.

Where else?

While reaching out to grasp the hand of a $75-a-week dishwasher.

Good touch.

At the very height of his career, at a moment of great triumph—though who knew what greater triumphs might have lain ahead, had not the assassin's hand. . . .

All right, I get it. Now, who's the assassin?

An Arab.

An ARAB?

From Pasadena.

From PASADENA?

Named Sirhan.

Sirhan what?

Sirhan Sirhan.

From that moment it was no longer possible to believe that the mysterious Producer was the humorless and remorselessly logical God of Abraham, the God who gave His only begotten Son and revealed Himself to Mohammed, the God who conquered Europe, Africa, the Americas, Australia and a good bit of Asia. It now appeared that the Sixties had been staged by an entirely different God, a God from one of the places Jehovah never got to—China or Nepal or the Kalahari—perhaps the God with the face of the grinning Buddha.

I am not going to insist on this point, or prove it or demonstrate it or defend it, because I am at heart a very reasonable man, not a crank or a fanatic. In the course of this book I will, I am sure, drop the tone of reasonable discourse I have maintained so far and break into lunatic ranting and raving, because there are so many important things that can only be gotten across by ranting. The reader should at no point feel pressured to agree or disagree. The purpose of this book is not to convince the reader, but to set him loose ranting on his own.

November 15, 1969

[*One: Wherein I Steal a Car, Kidnap Barbara and Write a Letter to Brandeis' Justice*]

ON JANUARY 1, 1960 I was a phony. So was everybody else. We had just been through an entirely phony decade—The Phony Fifties—and everyone in the United States was a phony.

I was laying up in an old house at 20 Lexington Terrace, Waltham, Mass., surrounded by nasty Irish Catholic kids who called me "beatnik" because I wore glasses and drove a motorscooter. I was accompanied by Barbara Orbstein, a young lady whom I had sort of kidnapped the previous week in a car I had sort of stolen. A fellow student at Brandeis University had gone home to New York for the Christmas vacation and left his car parked in front of our house with instructions to start it up every day and run the engine a little to keep the battery charged. Although the car did not have its New York State inspection sticker, and though my license was good only for motorcycles, and though I had never driven a stick-shift car before, and though I did not have the owner's permission to drive it, I had jumped in the car a few days earlier and driven it to New York, arriving in a snow storm during the evening rush hour.

After grumping around my parents' place in Brooklyn for a few days, I invited the unsuspecting Miss Orbstein to come for a little drive. We were well into Connecticut before she even noticed. I told her I was kidnapping her for a few days, and she said she didn't mind.

A single glance at my room would have convinced anyone that its inhabitant was crazy. It was empty except for a mattress on the floor with a lamp arranged so as to shine directly on my eyes when I lay down to read. There were loose piles of books here and there and cigarette butts everywhere. When visitors searched for an ashtray, I told them to consider the room itself as one giant ashtray. The visitors were mostly strangers whom my roommates brought by. I was a kind of exhibit: the boy who lived in an ashtray.

My occupation was "student." This meant in practice that every night I would lie down on the mattress with the light in my face and a book in my hand, and go to sleep in five minutes. Once someone gave me a dexedrine tablet and said it would take 20 minutes to work. I fell asleep in 20 minutes. It was the only experience I have ever had with amphetamines.

I cannot now remember what courses I was taking, what books I was opening or even what subject I was majoring in. My main activity was to keep the coal fire going in the furnace so the pipes wouldn't freeze. I also should have been carrying out the ashes, but instead I just let them pile up on the basement floor until they amounted to several tons.

A few days into the year, I got a furious long-distance phone call from the owner of the car. Since the car was back safe he wasn't going to call the police, but he was planning to take measures. Outraged virtue wanted $100 or else he would tell the whole story to the Dean of Students. I told the whole story to the Dean myself and saved the money.

There was a bitchy girl named Sue at Brandeis whose parents had given her a brand new Oldsmobile for her birthday.

by Deadman (from Forthcoming Book)

Illustrations by Dave Sheridan

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The license plate included the letters SUE. I wrote a letter to the student newspaper, The Justice, saying that if the colored woman who washes the floor of Sue's dormitory room were to kill Sue and take her car, I sure wouldn't stand in the way of it. The editors of The Justice did not print the letter. The Justice was named for Justice Louis Brandeis, who had believed in a different sort of justice than the kind that I was advocating.

My commitment to crime deepened when somebody came by with the secret of the telephone credit card. "Just tell the operator it's a credit card call, and read off these numbers to her." Everybody was doing it. I called as far as Juneau, Alaska. I called the State Employment Service there to inquire whether there was much demand for unskilled labor. A month later, telephone company investigators were calling up the recipients of these credit card calls, making inquiries and absurd threats. If you said politely but firmly, "I'm sorry, I don't know what you're talking about," they would leave you alone. But one girl got hysterical, cracked and gave my name. The investigator called the Dean of Students' Office and told on me. Now I had two strikes.

Strike three, when it came, was so spectacular that to this day I run into people who ask: "Aren't you the one who was thrown out of Brandeis for—say, what *was* that about anyway?"

All right, I'll tell you.

[*Two: Wherein Richard Burger is Crucified at Brandeis and I Wind Up in the Soup*]

IT WAS INSTIGATED BY Richard Burger, the weirdest person, if he was a person, that I knew at the time. He was over six feet tall and under 120 pounds. He liked to bulge his eyes, stroke his thick black beard, and speak with a Transylvanian accent. Burger was a mad scientist. Though only a sophomore, he was already publishing papers in scientific journals and had cornered some lab space for himself which he used for cultivating carnivorous plants.

During Easter Week of 1960 Burger called me up and invited me to a crucifixion scheduled for the following day. He, Burger, would be the crucifee. It would be done with rope rather than nails. I was welcome to play any part I chose.

I showed up the next day with a New Testament in hand. There was quite a crowd—Burger had called up all his friends, if that's the word—but The Man himself was missing. He had appeared earlier wearing a bathrobe over a loincloth; he had lashed a crosspiece to the tree in front of the Science Building and then disappeared in the direction of the Administration Building. A messenger who was dispatched on a bicycle to find him came back to report that he had seen Burger in the Administration Building attempting to denounce himself to the authorities, who were too busy to listen.

A little later Burger showed up, doffed his robe and exposed his frail, starved body to the crowd. "And what shall be done with Jesus, styled Christ?" I asked the crowd. "Let him be crucified!" they bellowed. While some students cast dice for the bathrobe, others hoisted Burger up and tied him to the cross. We drove nails between his toes and smeared ketchup all around.

That day Burger was summoned to the Dean's office and told flat out that he was suspended pending his hearing the following week. No one expected such harsh action.

That night a "Save Burger" move began; those of us who had been in the supporting cast would voluntarily go into the Dean's office and offer to testify on Burger's behalf that he had no malicious intent and wouldn't hurt a fly's feelings. (Ha! He fed flies to his plants every night.) Five of us went into the Dean's office the next day, gave our names, and tried to offer to testify at Burger's hearing. We were informed that we were now suspended too, pending our hearings which would be on the same day as Burger's.

When the time came I sat down in the hearing room and was ordered to tell my story. It began, I explained, with a phone call from Dick Burger—actually, with a two-ring signal from Burger, because we had an arrangement with his dormitory to signal us and we'd call back. We saved money that way as they had a coin phone and we had local unlimited service.

The point of going into such detail was to win a few friends on the Committee by telling a little story on myself. What a backfire. When I told about the two-ring signal they looked at each other in complete horror, as if I had said, "Lemme tell you the story 'bout the nigger and the sheeny. See, there was this nigger named Rastus and this sheeny named Ike. . . ."

The faculty members were not my peers. It was a bit daring for a professor to drink coffee in the student cafeteria, and illegal for a student to drink coffee in the faculty lounge. (Meanwhile, they were all picketing Woolworth's in protest against lunch counter segregation down South; no wonder the Catholic factory workers had such contempt.)

I like trial by peers not only because you're more likely to be acquitted, but because the trial itself is more likely to be bearable. When I guessed wrong about how those professors felt about the phone company, they looked at me like I was some horrible insect. That moment was much worse than was the moment of the verdict.

The charge was "conduct unbecoming a Brandeis student,"

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the verdict was guilty, and the penalty was expulsion. They did not use the word expulsion, though, because that sounded like the Communist Party. They put me on probation, ordered me to withdraw and informed me that I had already followed the order to withdraw. On their part, it was conduct unbecoming Justice Brandeis. Their punishment was that they had to stay at the goddam place.

Arthur Naiman, my roommate and only close friend, expected me to feel overwhelmed by the catastrophe.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"I don't feel anything," I said.

"No kidding. Well, it just hasn't hit you yet. Tomorrow you'll wake up and say, Omigod, I've been kicked out of school. You'll feel it all right."

He was wrong. I never did.

[Three: Wherein Barbara and I Marry For Barbara's Mother at the Hotel Where Castro Didn't Sleep]

BARBARA AND I WERE ALREADY engaged and now due to be married in a month. We were not looking forward to the marriage; we were doing it as a favor to Barbara's parents, who would have had hysterical breakdowns if Barbara and I had just started living together. Barbara and I told each other that we would get married and live together until we didn't like it anymore, and then we would get divorced. We decided that if it lasted five years, that would be plenty long enough.

Barbara's mother, whose wedding it was, had planned a catered affair at the Shelbourne Hotel, the very hotel out of which Fidel Castro would be thrown a few months later for plucking chickens in his room. She was actually happy when I told her to go ahead with the wedding. Although she was opposed to the *marriage* (she knew all along that I was a bum, and now the duly constituted authorities had certified me as a bum), she had to have that *wedding*.

I allowed myself to be outfitted in a rented white dinner jacket and yarmelked. I looked exactly like a 13-year-old Bar Mitzvah boy, and the pictures were there to prove it for years afterward. Complete humiliation. Only now have I begun to forgive.

A week or so before or after the wedding, I hitch-hiked up to Waltham to help my roommates clean up the incredible mess we had left at the house we had rented. The mountain of ash near the furnace amounted to several tons. The refrigerator had been unplugged a month before and allowed to stand with the door closed and food inside. This in addition to cigarette butts everywhere, huge coils of dust, piles of garbage, etc.

The attack on the refrigerator was a military operation. One man flung open the door, a second man threw a quart of ammonia in, and the first man slammed the door closed again. It was the first glimpse we had had of the inside of that refrigerator in a month. Something was alive in there; all we could tell about it was that it smelled awful and did not seem to have legs. After repeated ammonia attacks we managed to open the door, remove the shelves and swab the thing down. All that was left was the tray under the freezer compartment, which had been sitting full of water for a month with half a pound of liverwurst in it to inspire the growth of the horrible creature we now had to destroy. Ever so carefully, ever so gingerly, we slid the tray out and carried it on tiptoe across the kitchen, easy now, it's full to the brim, careful not to trip on the doorsill, watch your elbows, someone get that chair out of the way, easy now, down the hallway, nice, nice, we got it now, keep in step, you're going just a little too fast, okay, good now, we're almost at the bathroom, through the door and thank God we're home free, *heave* it into the toilet. It hit the water in the bowl and splashed right up in our faces. We

screamed, and jumped into the bathtub with all our clothes on.

A week after being expelled from Brandeis I got a job as a copyboy at the New York World-Telegram and Sun. I was making about $58 a week before taxes, which was more than enough for Barbara and me to live on. The World-Telegram and Sun was the afternoon newspaper for Protestants—a very dull, stupid newspaper compared to the pinko New York Post, published for the Jews, and the fascist New York Journal-American, published for the Catholics. The reporters and the editors were Protestants from Ohio and points west who were pursuing careers in the Big City. Although I worked among them every day, and chatted with them in idle moments, it was hard for me to find out much about them, because they were not my peers. I always brought them coffee; they never brought me coffee. I was not welcome in their homes.

[Four: In Which We Go to Cuba and Escape, and I Ponder the Uses of Chicken Guerrillas]

MY FIRST MONTH ON THE JOB there was some extraordinary news: the U-2 incident and the San Francisco student riots against the House Un-American Activities Committee. An editor waved the front page picture of the HUAC riot at me and sneered,

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"Those are your people, huh?" even though I hadn't said a word and no one knew what I was thinking. Until then I myself didn't know what I was thinking.

We were living in a two-room basement apartment in Brooklyn, paying $48 a month rent and saving half of my 50-odd dollars a week take-home pay. A few old friends would drop by from time to time, but it was somewhat lonely. We were looking for a bit of adventure, and the only exciting thing happening anywhere in the world seemed to be Cuba.

Fidel Castro had been in power for a year and a half. He had a beard and wore an army fatigue jacket. In America he would be called a beatnik, which is what I was always being called, so there was a bond. We attended some meeting called by a group for student travel to Cuba where we arranged for a ride to Key West, on a share-the-gas basis, with two Puerto Rican brothers named Quirinando.

By the middle of 1960 none of the 13 papers I read every day had a single kind word for Cuba. They had lots of stories from the refugees who had had to flee from the most incredible outrages: mobs whipped up by fanatical Castro propaganda had showered them with the vilest of insults and even threatened their persons. The plight of the Cuban refugees: accustomed to luxury all their lives, how would they fare in a foreign land with only a few relatives and odd bits of property and bank accounts stashed here and there? As plights go, especially refugee plights, it didn't seem half bad.

So we got into the Quirinando brothers' good old stick shift 1953 Chevy and headed for Florida. Around midnight my universe cracked. We stopped for gas in a small town in the flat part of North Carolina, quite close to the South Carolina line. Next to the gas station lights had been set up, and rock 'n' roll music was playing. Teenagers were dancing. Black teenagers and white teenagers. Black boys dancing with white girls. We looked, and we listened to the murmur of Southern voices, and we didn't dare say a word. If we had spoken to them they would have asked where we were from and where we were headed. We would have said we were coming from New York and going to Cuba. It did not occur to me then that if we had just talked to these kids they would have been as astounded by us as we were by them.

The next night we slept on the beach at Key West, facing South toward Cuba 90 miles away, watching a tremendous dry lightning storm. The following day we parked the car at the Key West airport, paid $18 each and got on the dinky Cubana DC-3 for Havana. At the Havana airport we said goodbye for good to the Quirinando brothers. A customs official passed his hand vaguely over our sleeping bags and knapsack and motioned us through. There we were.

We stayed in Havana for a few days, then hitch-hiked all the way out to the Sierra Maestra. We hitch-hiked part of the way back and then got on a freight train crammed full of canecutters headed for a gigantic rally in Havana. We were in Cuba two weeks altogether and spent less than $15. Not once did we sleep outdoors. I believe we paid for lodging in Havana two nights. The rest of the time we were the casual guests of Cubans we just happened to run into as it was getting dark. It got so we could count on it: wherever we were, some Cuban would get the hospitality itch as the sun went down. Not once were we asked to show any kind of identification. If anyone asked why I had come to Cuba I would say, "To see the revolution with my own eyes," "Para ver la revolucion con mis propios ojos," and that was the password.

There were guns everywhere, but I never felt jumpy because the people carrying the guns were themselves so relaxed. I saw a student militia unit guarding the University of Havana gradually dissolve into a conga line one night as the rhythm took hold, and one by one they dropped their rifles and started to dance.

We got out the way we had gotten in: bought tickets for $10 and flew to Key West. Then we hitch-hiked from Key West to New York. What a trip. People asked us, "Where are you coming from?" and we said, "Cuba." Then they would say, "Oh? Cuba? How did you escape?" We tried to explain that we had just gotten on a plane without any fuss, but no one could believe it. From then on, there was nothing we really wanted to talk about but Cuba. Whatever anybody else was interested in, we would barely contain our boredom until we could steer the conversation around to the subject.

Meanwhile, our friend Fidel was having the time of his life horsing around at the United Nations. He checked in his mad crew at the Shelbourne Hotel, the very scene of my mother-in-law's wedding, and brought a flock of chickens along. To eat, of course. And when the manager of the hotel threw them out for conduct unbecoming a Shelbourne guest, they checked into the Hotel Theresa. In *Harlem*. When Khrushchev wanted to talk to Castro, he had to go up there to 125th Street. The crowd outside the Hotel Theresa was absolutely astounded and mind-fucked. It was magnificent. The song we had heard most often in Cuba was: "Fidel, Fidel, que tiene Fidel, que los Americanos no pueden con el?" which I translate as: "Fidel, Fidel, what has he got that drives the Americans crazy?"

You can do wonders with chickens. Set loose a hundred live chickens on the freeway at rush hour, or in the lobby of a giant office building at noontime, or in the path of a presidential motorcade, and watch the fun! And don't give me any of that

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cruelty to animals bullshit. I don't hear you complaining about the ordinary fate of the American chicken, which is to sit in a cage its whole short life eating hopped-up amphetamine-spiked feed out of an automatic trough until it reaches that point on the weight-gain curve where it is most profitable to slaughter it for a franchise firm to put it through an assembly-line deep fry past the cash register into the permanently upset stomach of an American Sedentary Citizen who lives the same kind of life as the chicken he eats. How can you call it cruelty to rescue a chicken from that fate and set him loose in the Bank of America lobby where, although he is most likely to end up trampled underfoot by a panic-stricken mob of clerks, he at least has a chance of being taken home by a long-haired messenger or stock clerk and eaten reverently. You're all for cruelty to animals, you hypocrite; you just don't want to *see* it. You can't stand the sight of blood, so you hire someone else to do the killing for you. You eat cellophane-wrapped carrion which is why all the other animals, except the jackal and the vulture, hold you in contempt.

I was such a goddam phony in 1960 that instead of ranting and raving like I just did, I tried to *apologize* for Castro. I pretended not to believe the newspaper reports about the chicken feathers. I pretended to believe that the hotel manager might have made the whole thing up. Absurd. If he were going to make something up, he would have said Castro's people were handing out Communist leaflets in the lobby. He never would have dreamed of chicken feathers.

I had gotten my job back at the World-Telegram. The paper sent Dale Wright, the lone Negro in the city room, up to Harlem to cover the Castro story. I ran into him outside the Hotel Theresa but he didn't recognize me. I was just a copyboy. Dale was just a copyboy too, though he didn't know it. His job was to write up Roy Howard's vision of the world. (Roy Howard was the live half of Scripps-Howard, the chain that owned the World-Telegram and 18 other daily papers, plus a controlling interest in UPI. Mistuh Howard had an office in our building, which made us the flagship of the whole wonderful fleet.) Dale wrote it up the way all the other papers did: Castro was kind of a big, dumb nigger whom Khrushchev was using for his own purposes. The people of Harlem tolerated Castro's presence but certainly weren't fooled by any of his antics. (They really leaned hard on that word "antics.") Perhaps Castro thought the American Negro was like some sort of African New Nation. If so, he was sadly deluded. (They leaned hard on "sadly deluded," too.) The truth about the American Negro was that although he had a long way to go, he was grateful for the long way he had come, and in any case he would rather be a piece of dogshit on an American sidewalk than a prince in Africa.

Dale Wright believed it himself, I bet; he added some personal touches to it and thought it was his own idea. That his own idea seemed just like every other idea about Castro which got into the daily papers merely proved that Dale Wright was sane. There were other people who believed other things, of course, but they were the raving lunatics who made speeches from soapboxes. One of those raving lunatics lived right inside Dale Wright's skull and pounded on the inside of his eyeballs night and day hollering, "Let me out." The Scripps-Howard organization paid Dale Wright a weekly wage to keep that lunatic locked in. Dale was a jail guard as well as a copyboy.

[*Five: In Which I Become an 'Ist and Take-off for Berkeley*]

I MANAGED TO GET ON the night shift at the World-Telegram, which gave me an extra four dollars a week and a much more leisurely job. It was very slow on the night shift and I did a lot of reading, mostly about Latin America. A fortyish ex-Communist friend of Barbara's parents who was deeply read in left-wing literature recommended Isaac Deutscher's biography of Stalin for me if I wanted a broad view of Communism. That book wasn't on the library shelf, but right next to where it should have been were the first two volumes of Deutscher's biography of Trotsky. I loved them. Deutscher was not a propagandist, he was a writer you could trust; it came through the writing itself, rather than reputation. I had never heard of Deutscher before, but I wasn't particularly worried about being fashionable. Deutscher got me to love Trotsky (without worshipping him), and because I loved Trotsky I now cared about the Russian Revolution.

I came to work one day at the tail end of the day shift with *The Prophet Unarmed* in my hand and ran into another copyboy who looked it over. "Are you a Trotskyist?" he asked. It was a strange question. What does it mean to be an 'ist? I thought a moment and said dubiously that I supposed I *was* a Trotskyist. I thought that made me the only Trotskyist in the world. As it happened, the Fair Play for Cuba Committee and other pro-Cuba crank groups which Barbara and I were frequenting were crawling with Trotskyists, but they kept their identities secret and we never found out.

I had been reading all the Latin American news quite closely so I was not surprised when I heard one day in April 1961, about the Bay of Pigs invasion. I dug my 26th of July

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armband out of the drawer and wore it to work. My first hour on the job was at the tail end of the day shift, and I was feeding wire copy from the teletype machines to the wire editor for the last edition. Ordinarily I would say, "Bulletin!" when a bulletin came in. Now I expanded my commentary just a little bit. When the bulletin came in saying that invading forces could be considered defeated, I shouted, "Hey, we won!" as I slapped it down in front of the wire editor. He looked up in bewilderment. It was the first time he ever looked up in all the months I had fed copy to him from the teletype machines.

All by himself, the wire editor handled all the regional, national and international news that got into the paper; but he was just a quiet, colorless man who never looked up. The stuff that came in had already been fitted into the formula by similar men at the wire service traffic bureaus; our wire editor cut it to the exact shape desired by the Managing Editor of the World-Telegram. I sure as hell did not want to work my way up *that* ladder.

One night Barbara and I went to a party in a Cuban neighborhood on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. The party was co-sponsored by the 26th of July Movement and various pro-Cuba crank groups. The 26th of July Movement was composed of actual Cubans, factory workers and such, who had a tendency to quarrel with anti-Castro Cubans to the point of gunplay. Now that we had been hanging around the various crank groups for awhile, we had access to bits of "inside news," such as the rumor that a gang of anti-Castro exiles was planning to crash this particular 26th of July party. That would *really* ruin our futures; but we had no future, we had only the present, which was terribly dull, and what we wanted was action. So we went to the party, which turned out to be full of middle-aged Cuban couples stiffly dressed up for a night out, sitting at tables, sipping drinks and politely applauding the orchestra.

I spotted the Jewish boys and girls at a kind of booth in the corner that had been set up by one of the groups that was "co-sponsoring" the party. So I wandered over to find someone to talk to. Incredible! The booth was very prominently displaying books by Leon Trotsky! I had to find out who these people were. Before we left, we had been invited to dinner at the apartment of Jim Robertson, an organizer for the Young Socialist Alliance.

Robertson lived with a lady named Rose Jersawitz in a funky slum in the West 20's where families sat out on the stoops in the evenings filling the streets with a gabble of English, Spanish and more exotic tongues. We had an inelegant dinner with Rose and Jim, made a little small talk and then "discussed." Jim did most of the discussing. Backing him up was a mountain of books and magazines—not a heap of discards but a solid mountain called Revolution. A thousand years of history. Strikes and uprisings. A hundred countries. Memoirs, biographies, discussion bulletins. When he opened his mouth, it was like opening the gates of a dam.

Jim made a lot of sense, but he was also a raving lunatic. He would work himself into such a fury at the stupidity of the reformist politicians or the arrogance of the upper bourgeoisie that his eyes would bulge, his face would turn red, and saliva would spray out while Barbara and I gave each other worried looks.

We kept going back for more. I think every week on my night off we had dinner at Rose and Jim's. We were seduced by the attraction of The Inside Story, the true hidden structure underlying the apparently random events of our time. Of course, there are salesmen everywhere grabbing you and trying to sell you their particular Inside Story, but this was different: this was a Story that waited for you to come to it. Everybody could hear about the new miracle toothpaste or what Marilyn Monroe really thought about Joe DiMaggio. Every high school kid was forced to read "The Growth of American Democracy" or some such textbook. But the Inside Story Jim Robertson was telling was reserved for the handful—one in 10,000, perhaps—who really wanted to know.

What I was supposed to do with all this knowledge I didn't know. I supposed vaguely that I would go looking for other people ready to listen, invite them over to dinner at my house and tell *them* the Inside Story. I was studying for the Priesthood, but had no Church. It occurred to me that I ought to join the Young Socialist Alliance, but I thought that it was like joining the B'nai Brith: you put your name down on the list and occasionally responded to fund appeals. Jim said that I ought to come to a business meeting of the YSA and see what it was like, and I said all right. But I thought a business meeting was where you talked about the treasurer's report, which didn't sound at all interesting, so I didn't ever bother to show up.

I had been working at the World-Telegram now for a year, with a few weeks off for the trip to Cuba, and since we'd been saving half my pay we now had over $1500 in the bank. We were going to use that money to buy our freedom. The idea was to go either to Mexico City or to Berkeley. We didn't know anything about either place, but we were willing to trust our hunches. In Mexico City we could learn Spanish, consort with Latin-American revolutionaries, or possibly hook up with some American beatnik scene. In Berkeley we could go to school among the students who had rioted at the HUAC hearings the year before and who were still the subject of wonderment wherever the film "Operation Abolition" was shown—which was everywhere.

Whether we went to Mexico or to Berkeley was up to the Faculty Committee on Student Conduct at the University of California. In July 1961, I got a letter from the Committee saying I could enroll in the Summer Session; if my grades there were high enough, I could enroll as a regularly matriculated student in the College of Letters and Sciences for the Fall semester. Summer Session was beginning in a week. We bought tickets on a non-scheduled airline, packed a couple of suitcases full of our unfashionable clothes, and had Barbara's parents drive us out to LaGuardia Airport on the blazing hot morning of July 28, 1961.

[Six: Wherein I Learn that Revolution Means Making A Speech and Give A Lecture of My Own]

THE AIRPLANE WAS AN OLD JALOPY of a DC-4. When the motors started up I could see the loose bolts bouncing around on the cowling. It waited an hour on the ground before taking off in the unbelievable heat. Once we were airborne and it cooled off a little, the stewardess announced that we would stop somewhere in the middle of the country, then continue to Burbank and Oakland. I asked the stewardess where exactly we would be stopping, and she

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said she didn't know; she had asked the pilot but couldn't get a straight answer out of him. Finally she announced that we would be landing shortly at St. Louis. I saw a big brown river below that just had to be the Mississippi. But the plane didn't land. It flew on another hour and finally came down at Springfield, Missouri.

The non-scheduled airlines were outlawed the following year, I believe. Can you imagine what things would be like if they'd been allowed to continue? The $5 flight from San Francisco to Los Angeles in a DC-3 or a DC-6 or whatever sturdy old planes you could haul up out of forced retirement. Low overhead. No advertising expenses: plenty of free word-of-mouth publicity. No reservations or scheduling. Non-scheduled airlines for non-scheduled people.

The flight was supposed to take 12 hours but somehow took 18. We got to the Oakland Airport at 1 a.m., but Jim and Betty Petras were there to meet us. Jim was a hustling organizer who had built the Berkeley YSA into a thriving organization in the previous year. After a few days we were activists. Meetings all the time. Constantly meeting new people, all of them Young Socialists or "contacts." Assignments. Responsibilities. Progress reports. Strategy sessions. Study groups.

There was a tremendous amount of work to be done and I plunged in, though I really didn't understand what it was we were doing. I supposed that it would gradually dawn on me if I gave it a chance. I soon discovered that there was a standard way of putting that question and a standard way of answering. The exact litany was this:

"What is our main task in the coming period?"

"Our main task is to build the YSA."

This was not fully satisfactory. It created an image of the organization as *a growth*. That has an ugly sound. Something whose only purpose is to grow. Hope it's benign.

What Jim Petras knew but didn't know quite how to say, was that we were getting in practice for the revolution: limbering up our joints, strengthening our muscles, sharpening our eyes, developing a sense of timing. Our image of the impending American revolution was of course based on the image of the Russian Revolution. And "action" in the Russian Revolution meant a rising tide of arguments, debates and speeches. Lenin's return to Russia in April 1917, is, most of all, the *speech* at the Finland station, which triggers a crucial *debate* inside the Bolshevik Party to determine what line the party's agitational organs will take in its *argument* ("struggle") with its opponents. The street demonstrations in July are a failure; but in August, when General Kornilov sets his army on the move against the workers, Bolshevik agitators spring forth from the factories, meet the soldiers and *argue* them into changing sides. Then Russia explodes in speeches. Everywhere there are knots of people on street corners listening to impromptu speakers from the various political parties. In that late summer and early fall of 1917, only the Bolshevik speakers had any passion or conviction; events had made everyone else sound hollow. The October Revolution just rose like a wave so mighty no one bothered to oppose it. The whole thing was almost bloodless throughout 1917 and halfway through 1918. Then the Civil War began. But that was another story.

When we spoke about the Russian Revolution, we didn't talk about great historical events. We talked about what line Lenin had taken at a certain time, how various elements in the Bolshevik Party had responded, how the Mensheviks had stood on the such-and-such question—in other words the *politics* of it.

From every direction, not only from the books we read, but also from the paintings, posters, photographs and movies we saw about the Russian Revolution, there seeped in on us the idea that action means making a speech.

So, to develop ourselves as Bolsheviks, we harried our

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rivals; the Young People's Socialist League, the free-floating Communist Party youth who would later make up the DuBois Club, and any exotic little radical tendency we could find. We organized public meetings called Young Socialist Forums, at which one of us would deliver a lecture on some topic of political interest. Just like little professors.

I had been out of college for a year and a half and was a bit afraid to go back. Every student secretly believes that he is really very stupid and has gotten by so far only by faking. Turning points in a school career—the first day of high school, the first college paper to be written, the first graduate seminar—are always terrifying experiences. You might say the student's career is months or years of boredom followed by weeks of terror.

I loaded myself up with history and sociology courses because they interfered relatively little with my Young Socialist studies and also because I was genuinely interested in what the courses promised. The sociologists were breaking down the myth of America-the-classless-society with hard statistical facts about social stratification. The historians were breaking with old fashioned political history and trying to do research on how ordinary people had actually lived. I also nursed the secret hope that I would be able to discover or invent some revolutionary theory that would be a little more interesting than the YSA's deadly tedious Bolshevism, which had been frozen stiff when Trotsky died in 1940.

I was a bit of a renegade in the YSA, if truth be told, because I held that Russia was state capitalistic and not essentially different from America, while everybody else held that Russia was a degenerate worker's state. Although it was not a condition of membership, it just happened that everyone but me and one other YSAer "supported the Soviet workers' state despite its bureaucratic degeneration." While everyone else "called for a political revolution in the Soviet Union," we "called for a social revolution in the Soviet Union." We were called "the state-capitalist tendency"—sometimes just "state caps."

In fact, everything was really an awful lot simpler than either the YSA or the sociologists made it out to be. There was no need to talk about "the proletariat" or "the petit bourgeoisie," and there was no reason to postulate an upper-upper, lower-upper, upper-middle, lower-middle, upper-lower, lower-lower class division as some sociologists did. There was no need at all to give yourself a headache.

The Big Lie which we were *all* taught and which we still believed was that while in the old days there were nobles and peasants, today we had a different system. A lie. There are a handful of Noblemen who own the whole country, who pay whatever taxes they feel it expedient to pay, whose children are exempt from military service, who can commit any crime including murder and never see the inside of a jail. I am not talking about pipsqueak influence peddlers like Richard Nixon, I mean *important* people: DuPonts, Rockefellers, Mellons, Fords, and the inheritors of lesser fortunes. You know who they are, why pretend you don't know? If Ted Kennedy hadn't been a Nobleman he would have been charged with manslaughter—maybe suspicion of murder, under the circumstances—and held in jail for months on impossibly high bail before his trial. But Ted Kennedy just walked into the courtroom and walked out again. If he hadn't been such a well-known political figure, if he had merely been the heir to a gigantic fortune, he probably would not have had to show up in court at all.

The rest of the population consists mostly of Drudges. The Drudges do whatever they are told. A Drudge thinks he's really hot shit if he can sell his time for $4 an hour. The Drudges spend 40 hours a week at the service of the Nobleman. Well, it used to be 40; now so many Drudges are working two jobs that the average is probably up to 50.

Between the Noblemen and the Drudges are an army of Priests—doctors, lawyers, engineers, executives, editors, and, yes, cops; people who know a little bit about how things work and don't have to consider *everything* a miracle (the refrigerator and the election and the Miss America contest and the penicillin injection are all miracles to the Drudge).

Those sociology professors and young socialists were so goddam smart with all their theories that they never could tell me what *my* social class situation was, for God's sake. My father was a postal clerk. For 35 years he sorted mail and was ashamed. He was always ashamed of himself, every moment he sorted mail for 35 years at the Church Street Station, 90 Church Street, in New York. He sneaked off to work early in the morning and he sneaked home at night dead tired. At night he lit his pipe and read the paper and asked me about school. Very important to get good marks, he told me. The father teaching his son all that he knew about the world. All he knew about the world was that you got to get good marks. *They* look at your marks. BUT WHO THE FUCK ARE THEY? And who are we? I asked the young socialists what my father was and what I was. The socialists said that my father was a petty bourgeois state employee, and the sociologists said he was lower middle class, when the truth was much simpler. My father was a Drudge, and his only hope in life was that his son might become a Lesser Priest.

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Continued from page 42

must send American troops into Laos. . . . They will consist of two Marine regiments of the Third Marine Division now stationed on Okinawa and components of the 1st Marine Air Wing, also on Okinawa [having been moved up in the course of the crisis]. Notice would be served on the Communists—Red China and North Viet-Nam—that if they did not withdraw in one week, they would be attacked. According to one source, they would use the tactical atomic weapons with which they are in part at least already equipped."

Senator Mansfield asked in the Senate on September 7, whether the President and Secretary of State Herter still made foreign policy, or whether the various executive agencies, like Defense and CIA, had taken over. Today, with Air America deep in Laotian war business, Congress should surely learn more about the arrival of CAT's planes in Vientiane on August 22, more than a week before the U.S. government's two critical policy decisions. The Chennault-inspired "American Fliers for Laos" would violate the provisions of the Neutrality Act quite as clearly as had the Flying Tigers: was there then an authorization from Eisenhower to parallel that granted by Roosevelt? One witness who might be called to testify is Joseph Alsop, who like some of the China hands in the CIA and the Pentagon, had himself worked for Chennault in China during World War II.

[AIR AMERICA HELPS TO OVERTHROW A GOVERNMENT]

ALTHOUGH THE CIA's General Phoumi was largely responsible for the intrigues of the August "invasion," the State Department's Phoui Sananikone was still in office. On December 30, according to Schlesinger, the CIA "moved in" and toppled Phoui.

A few months later, in April 1960, the CIA helped to rig an election for their man Phoumi. Dommen reports that "CIA agents participated in the election rigging, with or without the authority of the American Ambassador. A Foreign Service officer . . . had seen CIA agents distribute bagfulls of money to village headmen." But this maneuver was so flagrant that it discredited the government and led to a coup in August, restoring the old neutralist premier, Souvanna Phouma.

Over the next few weeks, Souvanna Phouma's new government succeeded in winning the approval of the King, American Ambassador Winthrop Brown, and the new right-wing, but pliant, National Assembly. In due course his pro-neutralist government was officially recognized by the United States. Nevertheless General Phoumi, after consulting with his cousin Marshal Sarit in Thailand, decided to move against Souvanna, proclaiming a rival "Revolutionary Committee" in southern Laos. Phoumi's first announcement of his opposition took the form of leaflets dropped from a C-47 over the Laotian capital. Presumably the pilot was an American mercenary, as the Laotians were not known to have been trained to handle these planes.

In the next three months, according to Schlesinger, "A united embassy, including CIA [i.e. CIA station chief Gordon L. Jorgensen] followed Brown in recommending that Washington accept Souvanna's coalition. . . . As for the Defense Department, it was all for Phoumi. *Possibly* with encouragement from Defense and CIA men *in the field*, Phoumi . . . proclaimed a new government and denounced Souvanna. The Phoumi regime became the recipient of American military aid, while the Souvanna government in Vientiane continued to receive economic aid. Ambassador Brown still worked to bring them together, but the military *support* convinced Phoumi that, if he only held out, Washington would put him in power." The words which I have italicized are inexcusably misleading: Phoumi, from the beginning of his formal insurgency in September, had high-level CIA and Pentagon encouragement to oust Souvanna's supporters in Vientiane. The proof of this was that while Sarit's forces in Thailand blockaded Vientiane, Air America was stepping up its military airlift to Phoumi's base at Savannakhet.

"It was plain," writes Dommen, "that General Phoumi was rapidly building up his materiel and manpower for a march on Vientiane. From mid-September, Savannakhet was the scene of an increased number of landings and take-offs by unmarked C-46 and C-47 transports, manned by American crews. These planes belonged to Air America, Inc., a civilian charter company with U.S. Air Force organizational support and under contract to the U.S. Government." *

In October, Hilsman reports, Ambassador Brown was telling Souvanna that the United States "had Phoumi's promise not to use the aid against . . . the neutralist forces" in Vientiane. Yet even as he did so, two men "flew to Savannakhet and gave Phoumi the green light to retake Vientiane" (Saturday Evening Post, April 22, 1961, p. 89). The two men were not some CIA spooks "in the field," but John N. Irwin II, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, and Vice-Admiral Herbert D. Riley, chief of staff of the U.S. Pacific Command. Meanwhile the Meo tribesmen, encouraged by the CIA, defected from Souvanna in mid-October, at which point Air America began supplying them with materiel and U.S. Special Forces cadres from Savannakhet. Despite the 1962 Geneva Agreements, this airlift has continued up to the present.

[DECEMBER 1960: EISENHOWER O.K.'S AIR AMERICA IN LAOS]

WHY DID TOP U.S. OFFICIALS deliberately foment a conflict between non-Communist forces in Laos, a conflict which led to rapid increases in the territory held by the Pathet Lao? According to Time magazine (Mar. 17, 1961), "the aim, explained the CIA, who called Phoumi 'our boy,' was to 'polarize' the Communist and anti-Communist factions in Laos." If so, the aim was achieved: the country is today a battlefield where U.S. bombings, with some 400 to 500 sorties a day, have generated 400,000 refugees. "Polarization," as sanctioned by the Thai blockade of Vientiane and a U.S. refusal of supplies, forced Souvanna Phouma to request an airlift of rice and oil (and later guns) from the Soviet Union, and in the end to invite in North Vietnamese and Chinese "technicians." The first Soviet transport planes arrived in Vientiane on December 4, 1960; and the Russians were careful to send civilian pilots. As Dommen notes, they were "following the precedent set by the United States."

* Schlesinger, so scathing about "CIA spooks" in Laos, is discreetly silent on the subject of Air America. Even Hilsman, while attacking the "tragedy" of inter-agency rivalry and the CIA's "attempt to 'play God' in Lao political life," says merely that "air transports of a civilian American airline began a steady shuttle to Phoumi's base in Savannakhet" (*To Move A Nation*, p. 124). It is important to remember that Schlesinger and Hilsman (both ex-OSS) were intimately involved with covert CIA operations during the Kennedy Administration.

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In late December an American transport was actually fired on by a Soviet Ilyushin 14, and a major international conflict seemed possible. Of course, there were some in CIA and Defense who thought that a showdown with "Communism" in Asia was inevitable, and better sooner than later. Many more, including most of the Joint Chiefs, believed that America's first priority in Laos was international, to maintain a militant "forward strategy" against an imagined Chinese expansionism. Thus the actual thrust of American policy, if not its avowed intention, was towards the Chennault-Air America vision of "rollback" in Asia.

The last weeks of 1960 were to see ominous indications that anti-communist forces were only too willing to internationalize the conflict, especially with the first reports in the Times and Le Monde that General Phoumi's forces were being bolstered by Thai combat troops in Laotian uniforms and by Thai helicopters. The expulsion of Souvanna from Vientiane in mid-December ended nothing; for the next 18 months Laos would have two "governments," each recognized and supplied by a major power.

Did Eisenhower authorize this race to the brink? Years later, in 1966, an article in the Times claimed that the President "had specifically approved" the CIA's backing of Phoumi against Ambassador Brown's advice; the article however said nothing about the Pentagon and Air America's airlift. Eisenhower's own memoirs, in an extraordinary passage, state quite clearly that it was after December 13 (*after* the crisis posed by the new Soviet airlift) that he approved the use of "United States aircraft" to "transport supplies into the area." (Air America's planes are clearly referred to, since the use of Air Force transports was not authorized until April 26, 1961): "As Phoumi proceeded to retake Vientiane, General Goodpaster reported the events to me. . . . He then posed several questions: 'First, should we seek to have Thai aircraft transport supplies into the area? Second, if the Thais can't do the job, should we use United States aircraft? . . . I approved the use of Thai transport aircraft and United States aircraft as well!"

These last pages of Eisenhower's memoirs reveal how little he was briefed by bureaucrats as they prepared for a changeover to the incoming Kennedy Administration. Just as he knew nothing of the detailed plans for an invasion of Cuba which had been approved by the CIA's "Special Group" on November 4, so he apparently did not know that Thai helicopters were already being used in a combat support role, nor that Air America had been flying missions for Laos for over a year.

This would help explain why a story reporting the crash of an Air America plane in November on the Plaine des Jarres was not carried in any American newspaper, though it was printed abroad in the Bangkok Post of November 28, 1960. (The plane's American pilot was wounded seriously; the Chinese co-pilot, son of Nationalist Chinese Ambassador to Washington Hollington Tong, was killed.)

It also fits in with the fact that U.S. officials announced on December 7 (six days before Eisenhower authorized the flights) that they had "interrupted military air shipments" to Phoumi.* After the interruption, Eisenhower was asked to authorize what was in fact a *resumption* of the airlift to Phoumi while apparently under the impression that he was *initiating* it. Thus Air America was "legalized" just in time for the incoming Kennedy Administration. For the purposes of this legalization the Soviet airlift—which Pentagon machinations had done so much to induce—was not a disaster but a godsend: the airlift could now be justified to the President (as it was to the people) by the formula that, as Sulzberger said, "we are starting to match" the Soviet airlift.

Consciously or not, Air America's operations were leading our country into war in Southeast Asia. And it is hard to believe that Air America's directors were unconscious of this. Retired Admiral Felix B. Stump, until 1958 U.S. Commander-in-Chief, Pacific, and Air America's board chairman since 1959, had told a Los Angeles audience in April 1960: "World War III has already started, and we are deeply involved in it." Later he declared it was "high time" the nation won over communism in the Far East, and he called for the use of tactical nuclear weapons if necessary. Containment was not enough: we must "move beyond this limited objective."

The Admiral was not speaking in a vacuum. Now in one country, now in another, the tempo of U.S. operations in Southeast Asia did indeed increase steadily over the next few years. After a disastrous experiment in the latest counter-insurgency techniques in Laos, for example (with Air America planes and pilots transporting the Laotian army), the Kennedy Administration agreed in May 1961 to a Laotian cease-fire and negotiations. One day later, Rusk announced the first of a series of steps to increase the involvement of U.S. forces, including Air America, in Viet-Nam. A year later the United States signed the July 1962 Geneva Agreements to neutralize Laos. Unfortunately, as in 1954 and 1961, the price for U.S. agreement to this apparent de-escalation was a further buildup of U.S. (and Air America) commitments in Viet-Nam and also Thailand. No diplomatic agreements have ever interrupted this slow but inexorable American buildup in Southeast Asia. Hence it is not surprising that in the Paris talks the other side has been intransigent about the principle of U.S. troop withdrawal, nor that Nixon's public "Vietnamizing" of the war should be balanced by a secret expansion of Air America's role in it.

Despite the '62 Geneva Agreements, Air America has never dismantled its private war enterprise in Laos. Although the Agreements providently called for the withdrawal of "foreign civilians connected with the supply, maintenance, storing, and utilization of war materials," Air America continued to fly into Northeastern Laos, and it appears that some of the uniformed U.S. military "advisors" simply reverted to their pre-Kennedy civilian disguise. The first military incident in the resumption of fighting was the shooting down of an Air America plane in November 1962, three days after the Pathet Lao had warned that they would do so.

What made the Air America coterie with its influential backers in the Pentagon and CIA and its dependent Nationalist

* New York Times, Dec. 8, 1960, p. 7. "At the same time, they added, the United States has accelerated delivery to South Viet-Nam of military equipment needed to fight Communist guerrillas [and] also has recast military training of the Vietnamese Army to emphasize anti-guerrilla operations." The story shows how (as on many later occasions) de-escalation in Laos was balanced by escalation in Viet-Nam; and also how critical military decisions attributed to the Kennedy Administration in 1961 had in fact been made by the Pentagon during the lame-duck Eisenhower Administration.

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Chinese remnants from Burma, hang on in Laos with such tenacity? Hilsman tells us that, at least as late as 1962, there were those in the Pentagon and CIA "who believed that a direct confrontation with Communist China was inevitable ," (p. 311). In his judgment, the basic assumption underlying the CIA's programs in Laos, and particularly the airlift to the Meos, "seemed to be that Laos was sooner or later to become a major battleground in a military sense between the East and the West" (p. 115).

In 1962, says Hilsman, a CIA proposal for a " 'covert' but large-scale landing" on the Chinese mainland itself was turned down; and in June 1962, on the eve of the Laos Geneva Conference, the Chinese Ambassador in Warsaw was informed (for the first time) "that no United States support would be given to any Nationalist attempt to invade the mainland." This apparent rejection of Chennault's old "rollback" proposals did not however put an end to covert operations in Southeast Asia—quite the opposite.

Now that a U.S. attack on China seemed less likely, first Viet-Nam and later Thailand threatened to move toward "neutralism" and a reapproachement with their Communist neighbors. Many observers now agree with Tom Wicker of the New York Times that one important reason for Diem's removal in November 1963 was "Washington's apprehension that Diem's unstable brother, Nhu, was trying to make a 'neutralist' settlement with the Viet Cong and North Viet-Nam through French intermediaries." *

In 1964 the increasing Vietnamese drift toward neutralism became an ever greater argument for a U.S. escalation, but President Johnson proved unwilling to authorize any dramatic public steps in an election year. Once again, as in the election year 1960, covert war proved to be the easiest answer to the democratic vs. imperialist dilemma: how to appear peaceful at home while intervening abroad.

Once again Laos was the perfect terrain: as in 1960, a CIA-linked right-wing coup, followed by left-wing reaction, was the moving cause for a major outbreak of fighting. Once again Air America's planes were involved in continuous warfare, as they have been with incremental escalations ever since. They were now joined by jets of the USAF and Navy (on August 5, 1964, the latter were diverted from their Laotian targets for the Tonkin Gulf retaliation). Once again (as in the election year 1960) a covert buildup in Laos supplied the infrastructure and air capability for a subsequent buildup in Viet-Nam.

TO AN EXTRAORDINARY EXTENT the history of Air America *is* the history of America's recent involvement in Southeast Asia. The airline has grown with this involvement, so that by 1968 it had amassed a fleet of nearly 200 planes and employed an estimated 11,000 people. (By comparison, its "competitor," the Flying Tiger Line, which was the largest all-cargo carrier in the world when Air America was set up, had only 22 planes and 2089 employees by 1968.)

It is a striking index of the real war strategy of the current Administration that Air America's operations, far from being phased out, are on the increase. The main problem Washington sees in Southeast Asian policy is that the war has become too public; the idea now is to hang on by re-emphasizing the covert while publicly "Vietnamizing" the war to dull popular concern. Nixon is again stepping up our undercover involvements in Southeast Asia, with a special focus in Laos, a battlefield rarely penetrated by nosy TV camera teams.

As the New York Times reported on September 18, authoritative sources confirmed that "United States B-52 strikes along the Laotian sections of the [Ho Chi Minh] trail have increased greatly in the last two weeks . . . as many as 500 sorties a day were being flown over Laos, and . . . the increase in bombing in Laos was part of the reason for the lull in the air war in South Viet-Nam. . . . United States planes—of Air America, Continental Air Services and the United States Air Force—were flying reinforcements, supplies, and arms to advanced areas, while American Army officers and agents of the Central Intelligence Agency were advising local commanders."

There are clear indications that this upsurge in covert warfare is slated to be an enduring rather than a momentary phenomenon. In October, Air America was making job offers to pilots who had been processed and given security clearances as much as three years earlier, but never employed. One prospective flyer—who was told he would be based in Saigon but could expect to operate throughout Southeast Asia—asked why positions had suddenly become available after such a long interval. The explanation was that Air America's operations had been at a steady level for the last four or five years—including the peak period of the Viet-Nam escalation—but that they were now expected to increase!

And in the wake of the Tonkin escalation, one Washington faction held, as Bernard Fall has written: "That the Viet-Nam affair could be transformed into a 'golden opportunity' to 'solve' the Red Chinese problem as well, possibly by a pan-Asian 'crusade' involving Chinese Nationalist, Korean and Japanese troops, backed by United States power as needed." (*Vietnam Witness*, p. 103.)

These strange lusts for conflagration, which do not seem to have been sated yet, have never quite achieved official dominance in Washington. But the old fantasies of rollback have been nourished by Chennault and his successor, Retired Admiral Felix Stump while each was serving as Board Chairman of CAT and Air America. And the tandem of Air America and CIA did manage to advance the fantasy in Laos —under Kennedy, it seems, as well as Eisenhower—by strengthening the intransigence of General Phoumi while "official" U.S. policy was to induce him into a neutral coalition.

What is the source of the quasi-independent political power that has fueled Air America in such efforts? In the second part of this article (to appear in the next issue of RAMPARTS) we shall take a look at Air America's influential private backers and directors, representing the Rockefellers and other respectable New York financial interests. Why should such pillars of America's "external establishment" involve themselves in such a shady enterprise, and why choose such a fustian spokesman for rollback as Stump to be its chairman? To answer such questions will take us deep into the intricate involvements that will be seen to prevail between Wall Street and the CIA.

Professor Scott is with the English Department at the University of California, Berkeley and is a co-author of The Politics of Escalation in Vietnam (*Beacon*).

* C.f. The Politics of Escalation in Vietnam, Schurmann et al.

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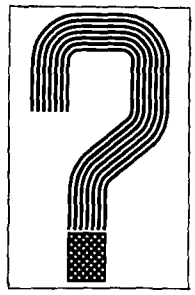

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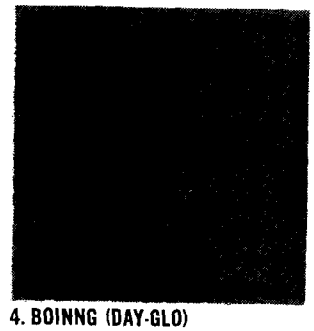

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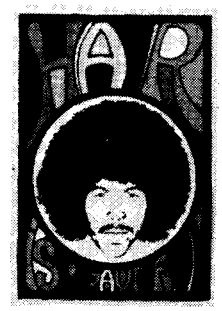

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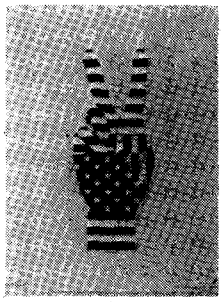

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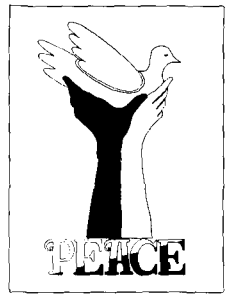

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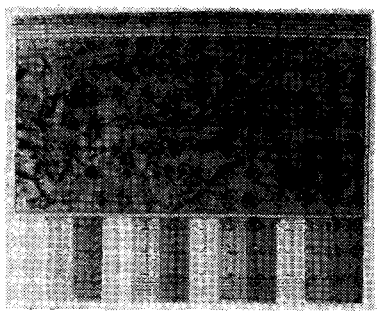

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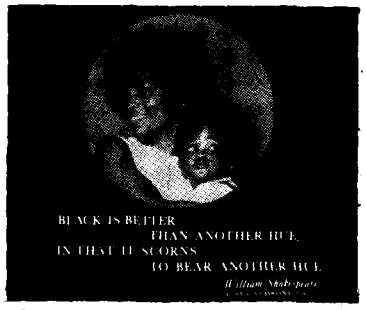

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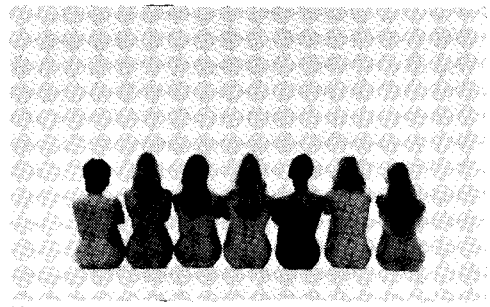

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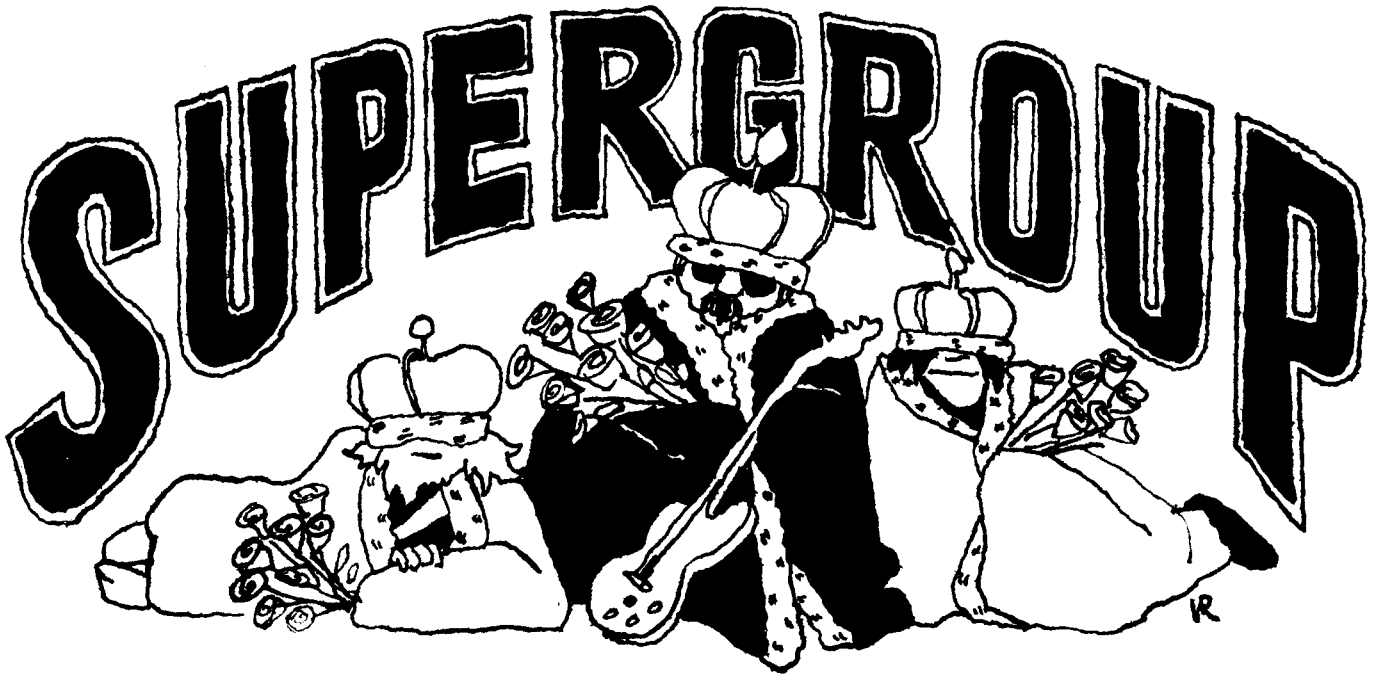

"SUPERGROUP." . . . Surely you know the term by now—as in Superman: faster than a speeding Beatle, more powerful than Albert Grossman, able to leap tall groupies at a single bound. Look! Flickering up there in the pop firmament—it's a Byrd, it's the Airplane, it's . . . Supergroup! However, just you mumble the secret word, "Shuck,"* and most of the so-called supergroups disintegrate into aging kids as lame as yesterday's papers.

"Super," from the Latin meaning over and above, higher in quantity, quality, and so on. One thinks of *superb*, *superhuman*, *superlative*, *superior*. But the same prefix appears in *superficial*, *superfluous* and *superstitious* as well. Rock's super-people and -events partake of all those adjectives.

The word "supergroup" itself suggests a bandful of people bigger than life and better than your roll-of-the-mill rock folk. That implication might be suitable, were the term applied to the likes of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the Band, or the Jefferson Airplane—those long-time-together groups, the movers and shakers in the vanguard of rock's (limited) revolution. But instead the term refers to any conglomeration of footloose big-name musicians temporarily joined together for fun and profit, especially the latter. Not that all rock musicians aren't interested in success; but supergroupers, whatever their mutual interests and aesthetic justifications, are all too often hand-picked and hand-crafted, a record company executive's dream-come-true — a *lusus naturae* doomed to quick extinction after a brief but fiery existence replete with inner-group tensions, hurry-up record sessions, lucrative whirlwind tours, generous super-groupies, and the ejaculations of PR men and fan magazines.

Some are outright failures from the start, like Elektra Records' patchwork group called Rhinocerous—more white elephant than rhino. Others, like the late lamented Cream, start off with a burst of musical enthusiasm and a solid grip on reality (listen to *Fresh Cream* again), but live on to see their bit of truth become a lie. What soured the Cream was all that hype and hullabaloo. How could any group which was actually dependent on the instrumental tensions and volatile emotions of a tri-partite musical split personality ever hope to survive?

Now two-thirds of the Cream floats again in a new supergroup with the brutally honest name Blind Faith. In less than a year this quartet has managed to cut a million-dollar album, survive a frantic and financially fabulous tour, threaten to disband and generally sweep across the U.S. like a prairie fire. However less dynamic and compelling Blind Faith may be than the old Cream, the group *is* more purely musical. If Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood and the others are still keeping it together by the time you read this, perhaps Blind Faith will have proved a supergroup with sufficient artistic justification to exist.

The only other significant supergroup to emerge in 1969 was Crosby, Stills and Nash. Mix an ex-Byrd, an ex-Buffalo Springfield and an ex-Hollie, shake well, and what do you get? Country-cherubim music, as pretty and ball-less as that sung by the Italian *castrati*. Already Crosby, Stills and Nash have seen the error of their wailing and have added Neil Young, another ex-Buffalo Springfield; Young's contribution is hard-rock harshness, that necessary evil of today's pop music.

But regardless of their seeming short-term financial success, supergroups are not likely to become all the rage. Most rock musicians don't want to be under that much pressure—or, for that matter, to be forced into such heavy internal competition. However, one variation of the supergroup theme—the casual yet momentous super-*session*—may yet "revolutionize" the record industry. More and more rock musicians are looking for the kind of mobility, the freedom to drift and gig, that jazzmen have long enjoyed. Rather than tie themselves down in the tense and somewhat cloying atmosphere

*S for Short-Timer; H for Hype, also Hard Cash; U for Ulterior Motive; C for Cynicism; K for Kowtow.

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of a struggling group, these innovative rockers prefer to go where the action is—playing the well paid back-up sessions for other "name" performers, or even getting together in the studio themselves for a little impromptu (but often recorded) jamming.

The idea is hardly a new one, even in pop/rock/blues. Some years ago, for example, bluesmen Lightnin' Hopkins, Big Joe Williams, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee all got drunk together and cut a disc for World Pacific; more recently, about the time the Cream became so big, Chess Records did the same with some of that label's blues "heavies"—bringing such greats as Muddy Waters, Little Walter Jacobs and Bo Diddley together for their own heady but hectic super-sessions. But the whole rambler's thing of drifting from door to door and session to session captured the rock mentality via the activities of organist Al Kooper and white blues guitarist Mike Bloomfield.

Both made their initial impact as back-up men on Dylan's *Highway 61 Revisited*, then bolstered their growing reputations as members of seminal groups—Kooper with the Blues Project and then his "own" Blood, Sweat and Tears; Bloomfield playing lead guitar for the first Paul Butterfield band, then co-leading the Electric Flag. Both musicians also deserted their respective bands in order to get back to independent session work. Together they cut (with Steve Stills, later the iron-man of Crosby, Stills and Nash) the influential *Super Session* album, a dramatic, innovative two-day jam. Unfortunately the subsequent critical and popular success of that album prompted them to new heights of self-indulgence—first a two-record encore, *The Live Adventures of Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper*, most of which qualified as some sort of limp-lanoola Bluezak; and next, incredibly over-produced, creatively impoverished solo albums from each man on his own.

No one doubts the continuing instrumental excellence of Bloomfield and Kooper—for example Kooper's keyboard work on the recent Stones tune, "You Can't Always Get What You Want." But both have fallen victim to the rock audience's all-too-easy acceptance of just about anything by big-name musicians. The paucity of their respective solo albums attests to the trap of super-sessions—or as a philosopher might put it, the awful responsibility of freedom.

At any rate, in the wake of Kooper and Bloomfield, super-session and surprise-appearance albums became almost *de rigeur*—consider the guest stars on recent releases by Jimi Hendrix, Merryweather, the Jefferson Airplane. Rock's country and western revival even produced a whole host of newly familiar names like Charlie McCoy, Weldon Myrick, Norbert Putnam, Kenny Buttrey—Nashville session men all. A group of these country pickers then proceeded to cut their own super-session, called *Area Code 615*; but minus vocals and/or rock overlay, that album came across as merely facile.

Actually, the only super-session disc of particular note to appear in 1969 was *Fathers and Sons*, the low-down-and-dirty set which, in effect, resurrected Muddy Waters from the morass of over-arrangement and self-imitation into which he had sunk during the previous decade—*Muddy with Brass*, *Muddy Sings Broonzy*, maybe even *Muddy Sings Mantovani*. Backed by an all-star lineup consisting of Bloomfield, Butterfield, pianist Otis Spann, bassist Duck Dunn, and drummers Sam Lay and Buddy Miles, and with that band molded into a tight, potent, but controlled unit, Muddy Waters delivered the most soulful, back-to-the-blues vocalizing he's done since the late 1950's.

But a super-session as brilliant as that producing *Fathers and Sons* is as rare as a Beatles concert. Meanwhile, the name of the game is mobility coupled with hype; as rock names and faces come and go, there's no super-respite in sight. One phenomenon did occur in late 1969, however, which managed to epitomize the "super" movement, mock it mercilessly, and also (unexpectedly) capitalize upon it all at the same time. That's the super-session to end all super-sessions by the ultra-hype supergroup known as "The Masked Marauders." A complete fabrication from the start, the hoax grew from a satirical album review written by one of the editors at *Rolling Stone*. That newspaper—tongue-in-cheek, and as it turned out foot-in-mouth—described an imaginary two-record set on the "Deity" label cut in Hudson Bay, Canada by Bob Dylan, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger and others. BANG! Immediate chaos in the record industry and the offices of *Rolling Stone*. Frantic phone calls from fans, record distrib-

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100,000 signed this Declaration during the JOHNSON Administration.
NIXON is allowing death and destruction to continue and to increase.
Pressure and action against the war are needed.

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

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I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

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For clarity, also print your name after your signature
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Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check made payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. . . . This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem, the wallet-size registration card and four personalized letter replicas of the Declaration for you to individually send on to the President and your U.S. senators and congressman. Money is needed to speed our progress.
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utors, record *companies*, even the business managers of some of the ostensible performers. Confused stories appearing in all the trade papers.

Several Berkeley musicians then cut a tape of three of the supposed Masked Marauder tunes: "Cow Pie," "I Can't Get No Nookie," and "Duke of Earl." When an FM station began playing that tape, the audience response was exhuberant and immense. Joke or not, suddenly the Masked Marauders were a smash hit. A 45 single followed, then an album distributed by Warner Brothers. When the mystery group got around to unmasking themselves the news was ignored and even disbelieved. Literal truth proved extraneous to the fans' thinking: simply by mentioning the hallowed names and putting them into a magical super-situation, the non-existent Masked Marauders joined the pop pantheon. Instant myth.

One wonders whether to laugh or cry at the callow gullibility of record industry and rock audience. The Masked Marauders, however, are laughing all the way to the bank—and any tears shed for rock 'n' roll should, almost by definition, be of the crocodile variety. From supergroup to super-coup, the beat—and the shuck—goes on.—Ed Leimbacher

Books:

Empire and Revolution. *By David Horowitz. Random House, 1969. 274 pp.*

In theory as in practice, it is hell to restore a butchered tradition. Marxism, which as a method of explanation once seemed to offer the only sensible chance for sweeping solutions to great historical puzzles, became mistress to State and Party interests and lost its claim to intelligence. But the big questions of the century—whether Stalin should be seen as "Leninist" or not, whether Stalinism should be identified with underdevelopment, whether the West was imperialist or simply reckless—would not go away.

History in the 20th Century has loomed too important to be left to the historians while official Marxism occupied itself with apologetics. America in particular spawned little in the way of significant Marxist theory, leaving the New Left with the self-parodying works of copybook hacks as the sole coherent alternative to the Cold War panegyric and agnostic despair of the liberals. One result is that David Horowitz's important book, first published in England as *Imperialism and Revolution*, gets released in America under the title *Empire and Revolution*. The very word "imperialism" seems tainted by musty European models.

Yet Marxism *as a method*, a search for the dynamic of change in the imperatives of production systems and the relations of classes, remains the most supple analytic instrument of our time; and imperialism, we have been forced to learn, is the major determinant of human history today. If the method is to be recovered from its priests and hangers-on, theorists must swallow twice and jump right in. And the moment to reconstitute Marxism has come.

In the language of the peerless Marxist theorist Antonio Gramsci, liberal explanations have lost their hegemony; they no longer coincide with the common sense of large sectors of the population. America's war on Viet-Nam, Santo Domingo, Cuba, the Congo—you name it—is so utterly predictable that it cannot reasonably be attributed to a moralistic Secretary of State, a perverse idea of national interest, the ego-trips of neanderthal generals or the penis-insecurity of a mad Texan.

Liberal historiography has lost its touch to such a drastic extent that so austere a liberal eminence as Hans Morgenthau has conceded in print that Gabriel Kolko's *The Politics of War* just about persuades him of the determining influence of American imperialism.

The burden of the new Marxism is that it tries to do everything at once, as if to make up for lost time. Such ambition follows naturally from the felt need to fill the vacuum left by the apparent decay of liberal thought. Like the activist, the theorist hastens to seize the moment, to build the new order within the shell of the old at a time when the crumbling of

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"Less a trial than an act of vengeance."

-Life

Eight political and cultural activists are currently on trial in a Chicago federal court. They are under indictment not for alleged criminal acts, but for presumed intentions. They are accused of conspiracy with *intent* "to incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in, and carry on a riot" in the streets of Chicago during the week of the Democratic National Convention. The indictment of these eight men—the first under the controversial "Anti-Riot" Act of 1968—is the most ominous challenge to political liberty since the era of Senator Joseph McCarthy. The trial marks the opening of a calculated effort to dissolve organized dissent in America and to silence those whom the Deputy Attorney General, Mr. Kleindienst, has branded "our modern ideological criminals."

Now the chaining and gagging of Bobby Seale for asserting his right of self defense in the courtroom is the latest outrage in a trial that was an outrage from the beginning.

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The Jury:
"It is a jury that has little in common with the 8 defendants."—*Chicago Sun-Times*
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the old leaves millions of us desperate for bearings. So it is not surprising that David Horowitz is in a hurry.

Readers of RAMPARTS will know that Horowitz's haste in the hand is (at least in some short run) worth the tentativeness of several of us back in the bush. Perhaps he can afford to be prolific, for he is sure enough of his Marxist categories and methods to be able to apply them speedily and confidently without falling into glibness. His own articles aside, he has edited three major collections of neo-Marxist essays. His earlier Cold War history (*The Free World Colossus*), like that of D. F. Fleming, was limited by its lack of theory and diverted into evilman notions in the absence of a sense of the underlying demands of the world capitalist *system*. Seemingly, the first job was to debunk liberal myths of Soviet belligerence, using the primitive tools provided by the mythology itself.

Now the broom has swept clean and it is time to build afresh. Horowitz and others have set out to unearth and identify the structure and motives of the history of the 20th Century. They are intent on reviewing the history of Soviet Russia (out from under the deadly justifications), the history of the West and, what is especially crucial, the dialectical relations of the two. *Empire and Revolution* suffers as well as gains from this ambition, for the ambition is in turn a consequence of the collapse of the tradition Horowitz seeks to restore.

It is hard to get excited about a sentence like this, though its content is germinal: "Moreover, just as the internal contradictions between the socialization of the forces of production and their restricted and increasingly concentrated 'private' control appeared to be providing the ground for deeper and deeper domestic economic crisis (and hence increasing foreign expansion), so the contradiction between the internationalization of production and its restricted national framework was leading inexorably to inter-imperialist war." I cite this not to scare readers away but to indicate the difficulty of replenishing a tradition in the present circumstances.

NEVERTHELESS, IT IS a tribute to Horowitz's project that his book is still very useful for radical learning. As the outline of a treatise on imperialism, it repays study. Horowitz begins with this quote: "The developing pressure of the proletariat, and especially its victories in individual countries, are strengthening the resistance of the exploiters and impelling them to new forms of international consolidation . . . organizing on a world scale the systematic exploitation of all the peoples of the earth, [and] directing their first efforts toward the immediate suppression of the revolutionary movements of the proletariat of all countries. All this inevitably leads to a combination of civil wars within the separate states with revolutionary wars, both of the proletarian

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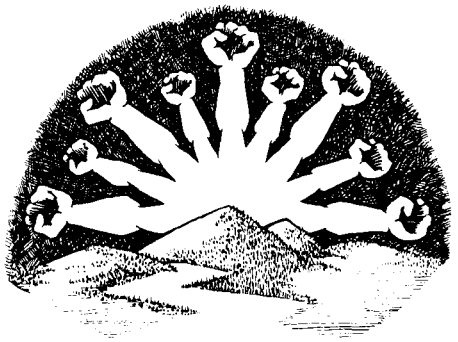

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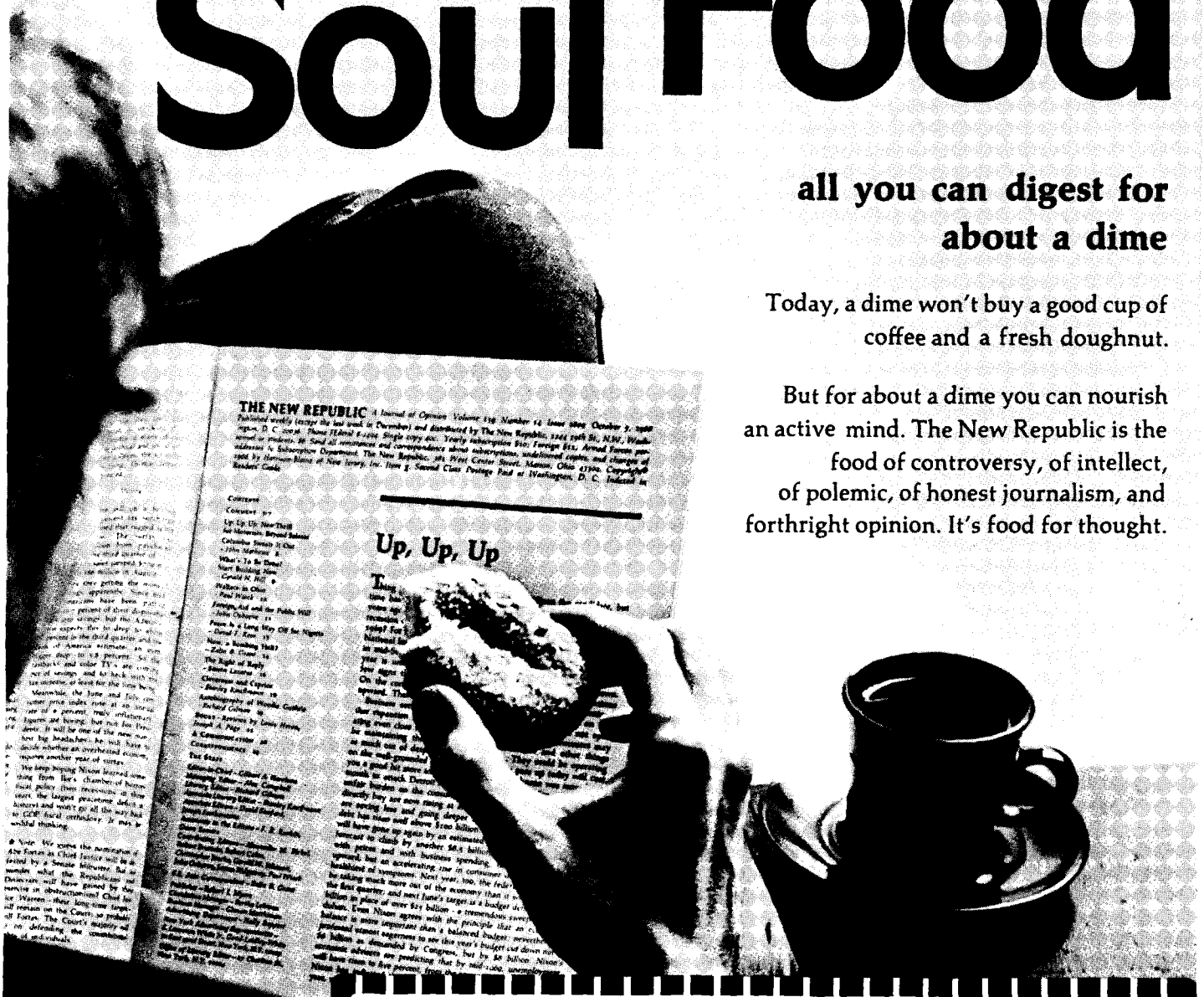

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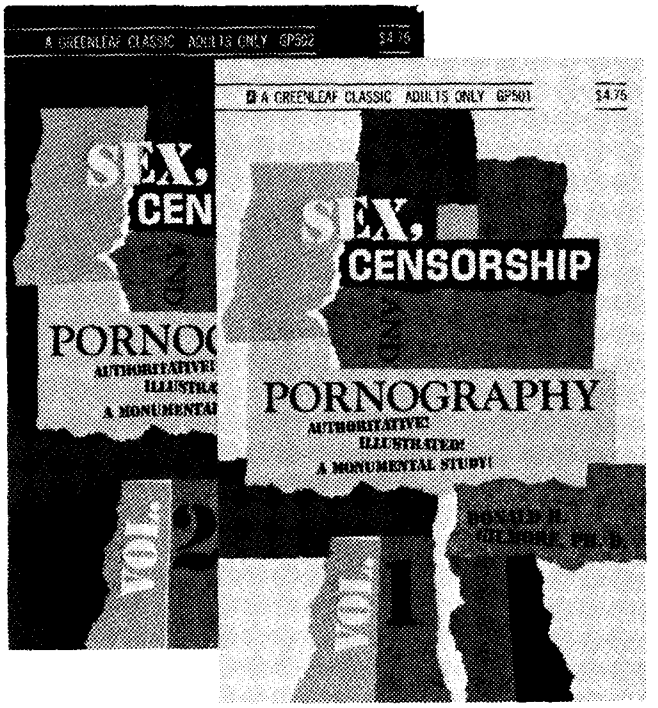

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countries defending themselves, and of the oppressed peoples against the yoke of the imperialist powers."

This is not from Lin Piao's "Long Live the Victory of People's War," nor is it excerpted from a recent SDS manifesto; it is precisely 50 years old—taken from the Bolshevik Party Program of 1919. This internationalization of class struggle, which has become a watchword for radicals today, is the continuing thread of Horowitz's narrative.

Why is it then that the Bolshevik world view lost its lilt and staying power for Western revolutionaries, emerging again only in the last decade? Horowitz states four reasons: 1) the collapse of revolution in the West and its replacement by fascist barbarism; 2) the diversion of Bolshevik energy into the one-country development of the Stalin period; 3) the rise of the United States as the foremost imperialist power, a rise which was, however, not clinched until 1945; and 4) the rise of Russia as a world power in its own right. Thus the international class struggle was stalled, first by fascism and then by something that looked like a traditional conflict between great powers. Only in the '60s has the world system regained its structural simplicity, a condition that was described most baldly by Lyndon Johnson in 1966: "There are 200 million of us in a world of three billion. They want what we have, and we're not going to give it to them." Most of *Empire and Revolution* is a scenario of the complications and the re-emergence of this classic plot.

Which is to say that Horowitz is a sort of Marxian neo-classicist. He insists on the relevance of Bolshevism, with its emphasis on *monopoly* capitalism and imperialism, as a description of the world—and he insists compellingly. (Third World revolutionaries comprehend this instantly; only the hermetically sealed-off Americans delayed recognition.) "Complications" of course can be massive, even fatal. Marxists since Stalin, says Horowitz, made the mistake of assuming that "imperialism . . . itself had no stages." But the dominant motive force has remained as the Bolsheviks saw it, "in the basic contradiction of the international capitalist system, the incompatibility of the trans-national expansion of the productive forces, and the restrictive 'national' appropriation of international wealth."

In a chapter called "Open Door Empire," a useful variation of a theme by William Appleman Williams (*The Tragedy of American Diplomacy*) previously harmonized by Carl Oglesby (*Containment and Change*), Horowitz sketches the familiar idea of the essential continuity of American expansionism. Later chapters locate American World War II strategy and Cold War militarism in the protagonist's continuing struggle against his deadly enemy: revolution, the materialized spectre haunting imperialism. The fundamental terms of the drama are thereby in place.

This is Horowitz's first contribution—the rest is in his portrayal of the drama's unwinding. He dares to come to grips with Marxism's own ghost, that spectre which has come again to be known by the bland and debased name of "the question of Stalin." His central point is lucid: "Just as Russia's late and backward development had previously given her anti-feudal revolution its proletarian character, so now it was her relative earliness of development that made her advanced socialist revolution so backward." Thus Stalin's monstrous massacre of kulaks (primitive socialist accumulation) and his one-country sabo-

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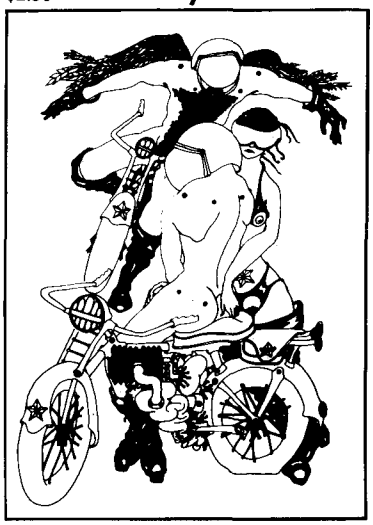

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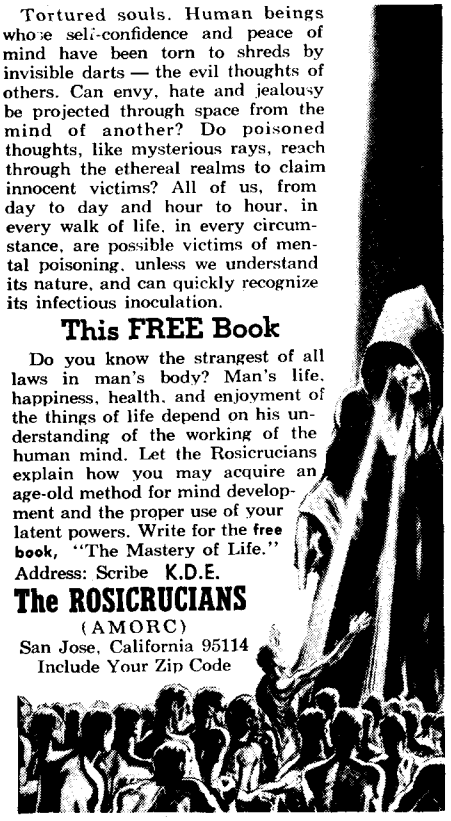

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RANDOM HOUSE

tage of Communist parties elsewhere are taken out of the realm of personalized recrimination and located squarely in the dilemma of Leninism thwarted.

This account is oddly dispassionate, considering the fierce tempers still (again) aroused by the ghost. Perhaps Horowitz's even-temperedness will recommend his account to new partisans, particularly in his chapter on "Russia, the Comintern, and the West," which sets out to argue against a one-sided condemnation of Stalin as counter-revolutionary and ends up proving precisely the opposite. If anything, the sense of world context which Horowitz evokes succeeds in explaining the twists of Stalin's policies without explaining them away—a necessary exercise of the whole self.

A chapter on "World War and Cold War" continues Horowitz's demonstration of the utility of Trotsky's principle of "uneven and combined development," this time applied to the origins of fascism and the ability of the United States to emerge from World War II as king of the roost. Disparities in development generate historical leaps—and falls.

But the most useful part of the book is the last 60 pages, in which the major actors appear again, having defined their identities and basic relations, to rendezvous with their fates. After decades of maneuver and event, the old accounts still remain to be settled; the burden of revolution has simply shifted to the Third World, and the counter-revolution to the United States.

In the first two postwar (American) decades, Horowitz calculates, the NATO powers in the course of counterrevolution killed more than four million Third World people; the kill rate has not slowed down. But the monster begins to devour itself; at the peak of its powers, the costs of empire ("misallocation of resources," distortion of investment, militarism and the rest) begin to sap the killer's strength. Exploitation is its own reward, and a movement allied to foreign revolutions springs up at home. The world stage is again uncluttered, though the theater is enormous. That is the stage on which we now stand, selecting our roles. Horowitz provides us with no simple scenario, no carefully differentiated model for our own work; but for taking the drama this far he is to be thanked, and his book read. —TODD GITLIN

Letters:

[CLEAVER NOVELLA]

EDITORS: I canceled my subscription some months ago, but still get a copy of RAMPARTS occasionally. I am glad I received the copy with Cleaver's autobiographical sketch, for it explained something to me, hitherto hidden, which is that you must hate our black people and want to arouse the White Citizens Councils and the white backlash to the boiling point of refusing blacks all rights inherent in the Constitution.

How else could you publish the blatant giggling of a man touted by you as the great black intellectual, his boastful animal rutting, devoid of grace or decency. Nothing ever published can possibly do such disservice to the black people as this novella by Eldridge Cleaver. Nothing. The segregationists don't even need Nixon and Harmsworth [sic] to do their dirty work. You have done it for them.

ALICE E. LAMBERT
Darrington, Washington

EDITORS: Eldridge Cleaver writes with a poignancy and feeling unmatched by any other living American writer. His *Black Moochie* in your October issue blew my mind. Praise be to RAMPARTS for publishing the beleaguered Cleaver. All I ask for is more, more, more of the same.

TOM MCCARTHY
Chicago, Illinois

EDITORS: Traverse City, Michigan has requested discontinuance of RAMPARTS magazine because of certain phrases contained in the October, 1969 issue, page 21.

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[WOMEN'S LIBERATION]

EDITORS: I was very pleased to see the excellent article on Women's Liberation by our sister, Marlene Dixon, in the De-

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...even after age forty? What three steps may reverse sexual decline in males? What five steps may restore sex-appeal to women over 35? How can masturbation sometimes draw married couples closer? Which technique may "spoil" a woman for other men, so she can enjoy sex only with you? What is the proper way of guiding shy women towards new sexual experiments? What doctor's "trick" may help you regain an erection quickly? What little-known position helps "difficult" women climax faster?

What age-old sexual practice formerly punishable by extreme torture—may actually be spreading all over America? What technique that many foreign women expect, is foolishly called "perversion" in the U.S.? What Christian sect performs intercourse only in broad daylight—and why? How did Roman priestesses use sex to raise money for their temples instead of Bingo? What unusual Chinese arousal technique centers about... *the feet?* What is the best way to cope with a demanding woman's orgasmic needs (and how do some men use it to cope with the needs of two or more women at once)? What "rule-of-thumb" tells you the difference between normal and abnormal sex? How can you "tire out" practically any woman by causing her to have simultaneous orgasms—one immediately after the other?

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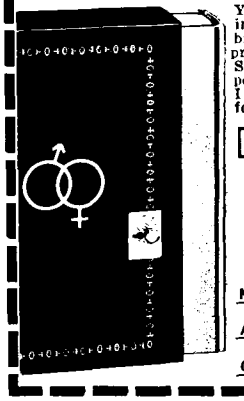

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cember issue. But then, I continued on in the magazine to page 74, and discovered a small ad exhorting all of us readers to "Be the RAMPARTS *Man* on your campus! Make bread by being our *man* at your school—selling subscriptions, placing orders with newsstands and bookstores, and so on." Above these statements was a male-vampire bat figure.

Now how do I, a woman, respond to this lovely bit of male chauvinism? Don't you read your own articles, or are they only to show that you are remotely conscious of what's happening? . . . This kind of activity, the unconscious (or worse, conscious) use of appeals directed to one sex when both are equally competent to achieve the end desired, is part of what we are fighting. Would you like to join the Revolution, RAMPARTS, or do you prefer the status quo?

BARBARA TOEPPEN
Yellow Springs, Ohio

We stand corrected—Eds.

DEAR RAMPARTS: (I can't say "Gentlemen" because that would show I'm a brainwashed oppressed female.)

I strongly supported Marlene Dixon in her difficulties with the University of Chicago last year, but I most strongly object to her article on women's liberation in your December issue. Many of her statistics are interesting and valuable, but the kind of women's liberation movement she urges can only draw attention away from real liberation.

Miss Dixon quotes admiringly Roxanne Dunbar's demand for the "total annihilation of a system which systematically destroys half its people. . . ." I'm sorry, Marlene, but that's dumb. We don't live in a system that destroys *half* its people; we live in a system that destroys *most* of its people—of both sexes and all races.

The kind of anti-male rhetoric I hear from all too many women's liberation activists reminds me of the people who think they are fighting racial prejudice by calling frightened, threatened white people "racists."

Male attitudes—as well as female attitudes—toward women do have to be changed, but the average man has about as much to do with the day-to-day operation of male chauvinism as the ordinary prejudiced caucasian has to do with the real problems of racism.

Of course women should get equal opportunities and equal pay for equal work, and a training from childhood on that gives them confidence in their human dignity. But shrieking at men about how evil they are won't do the job because 1) it's unfair to most men, who are manipulated just as we are; 2) it distracts us from the real problems; 3) it leaves women vulnerable to co-optation.

Women's liberation is all very well, but where is our strong, radical human liberation movement? If we really got into what human beings are about, we wouldn't have to worry about any kind of exploitation.

MARY A. CARROLL
Chicago, Illinois

[ILGWU—MORE OF THE SAME]

EDITORS: Michael Myerson's article in the October RAMPARTS on the ILGWU although well thought out and nicely written, leaves me with a "so what" feeling. Why single out the ILG; the same criticism can be directed, with few exceptions, against unionism in general.

All unions operate within a practical framework today, collaborating with the needs of industry, and pointing with pride to low incidence of strikes. Leadership boasts of a record in keeping the boat steady during its tenure, and membership invariably is content to accept the latest package of pay increases and fringe improvements. . . .

Also, how are we to measure union progress, if we leave out the social aims. Getting more money is only part of the story. What about a decent society: elimination of poverty, war, racism, misdirected education, etc., abuses that threaten working men all over the world. There was a time when unions were class conscious, considered their interest irreconcilable with that of employers and politicians who represented industry. Union men, then, believed and taught that it was their special province to develop a better society, based on public ownership of the means of production. No union would dare preach this kind of social gospel today. They'd get bombed out like North Viet-Nam. What I gather from Mr. Myerson's article is that the ILG practices a more extreme form of collaboration than do other unions.

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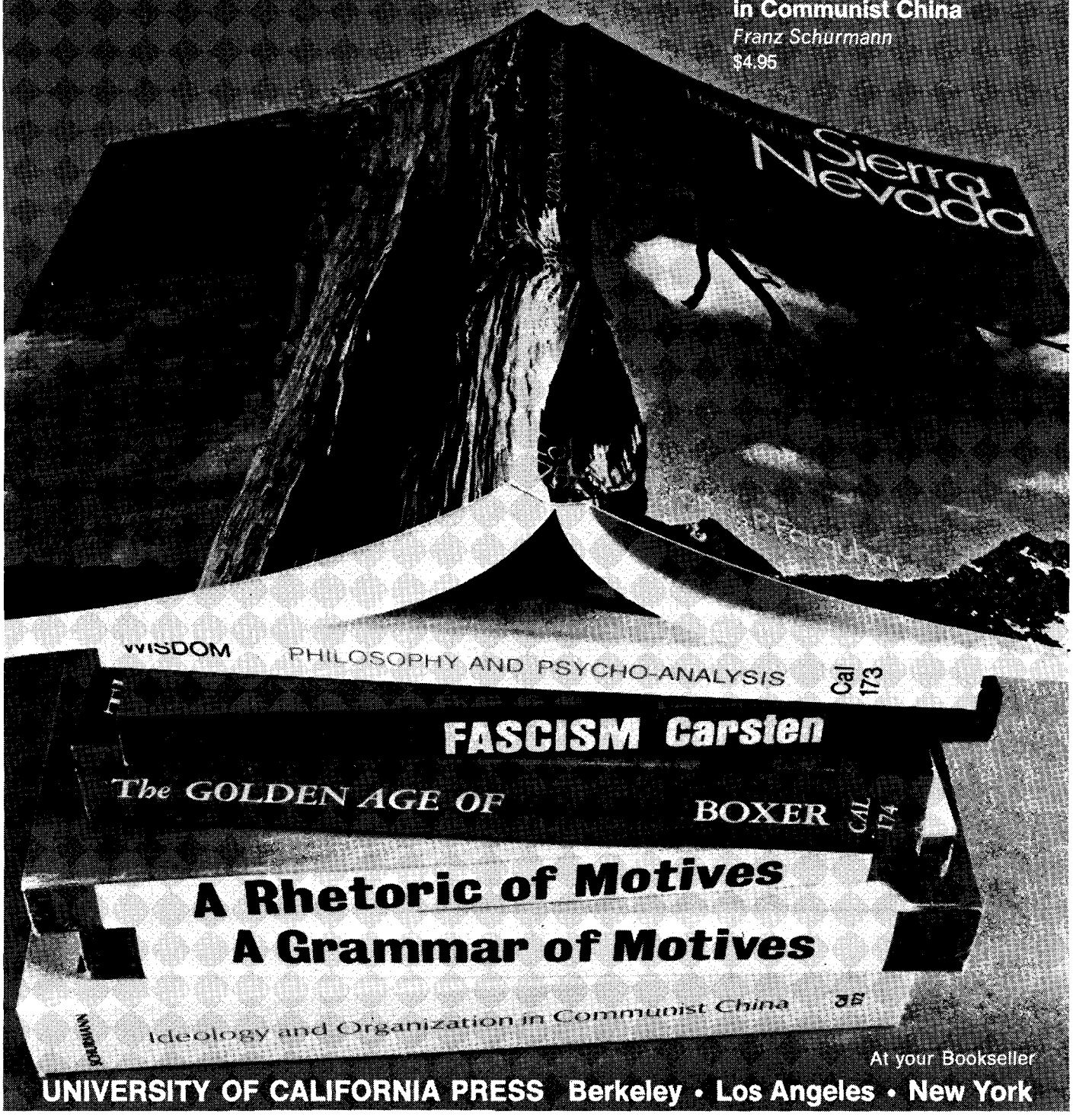

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